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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Government have put down an amendment to their Irish Bill which declares its purpose as clearly as any cynic could wish. This amendment stipulates that nobody may become a candidate for an Irish Parliament until he has taken the oath of allegiance, and that if less than half the stipulated members have been returned, or have taken the oath within fourteen days of the date on which Parliament is summoned, the area of that Parliament is to be governed, not by Parliament at all, but by a little oligarchy of Privy Councillors chosen by the Lord-Lieutenant. Nobody thinks that a country which is becoming daily more Sinn Fein is going to return a Parliament which will satisfy these conditions, and we shall therefore have all Ireland outside the four counties ruled by Sir Edward Carson and a few other members of the Irish Privy Council who find no difficulty either in taking or in breaking an oath of allegiance. But the Irish Bill will have served its authors' immediate purpose, for it will have repealed the Home Rule Act. There are also apparently a few people like Mr. Churchill who think that it will serve a further purpose, and that the world can be persuaded that we are giving Ireland her freedom, as we have freed Poland and the Czecho-Slovaks.

THE criminal levity with which the Monarchy is thrown into the Irish quarrel recalls the reckless follies of 1914. Every high-spirited Irishman is forced by this challenge to turn professing Republican. This is a very grave aspect of the Government's action. But there is another. Hitherto a candidate has been allowed to express any opinions, or to defend any cause, and we have had Republican candidates in England; there were Jewish candidates when a Jew could not take his seat. The most famous illustration is offered by the history of Ireland. It was the Clare election that really decided Wellington and Peel to grant Catholic emancipation. O'Connell as a Catholic could not sit in Parliament, but he could stand for Parliament, and he stood for Clare and won the seat. If Wellington had been a statesman

of the calibre of our present rulers, he would have passed an Act to disqualify Catholics from offering themselves as candidates. Fortunately he was not. The Government have raised an issue which is not merely an Irish issue. Even this House of Commons must realize how this precedent will react on the position and authority of Parliament. It is already a common complaint that Parliament is not really representative. What better way of giving substance to that complaint than to impose a restriction on the rights and choice of the electors?

"SIR, I am a manure-merchant from the north of Ireland," said an Irish member in introducing himself to the attention of the House of Commons. Nauru, a little island in the Pacific, possesses the biggest "dump" of guano in the world. It belonged to Germany. We have taken it from her, and have become at once its vendors, its monopolists, and its merchants. We take the phosphates from the company, and arrange for them to be distributed at cost price between ourselves, Australia, and New Zealand, shutting out the rest of the world—our Allies with our enemies, and neutrals with belligerents. Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Hugh Cecil, and some young Tories of conscience, like Mr. Ormsby Gore and Mr. Mosley, denounced this steal as a violation of the Covenant of the League and a breach of the world's comity, as well as a bit of flagrant Protectionism. Mr. Bottomley, on the other hand, thought it an excellent piece of Imperialism, and so by 217 votes to 77 did the House of Commons.

THE Government pretended to claim that the disposition of Nauru was settled by the Treaty of Versailles. The Treaty did not so much as mention its name. It provided, in a general clause, for its confiscation along with the rest of the German colonies, the "mandates" for which the Allies then proceeded to divide among themselves without pretence of any reference to the League of Nations. Nauru happens to be an utterly shameless case of loot, for while it is agreed between Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand that they are to have first claim to all the Nauru phosphates at cost price, this is done under an article of the Covenant, providing that a "mandate" must secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of all members of the League! The last has clearly not been heard of this scandal, for the issues at stake are precisely those raised by the oil agreement between England and France. At this rate we may have a League of Nations indeed—but it will be a League against England.

THE Russian Republican army retook Kiev last Friday, and the folly of the Polish adventure must now be obvious even to the Allied Governments. The military operations of the Russian armies have evidently been skilful and well-executed. First a hard blow in the far north, aimed at Minsk, obliged the Poles to weaken their forces in the Ukraine. Then two converging movements from north and south simultaneously struck at the Polish communications far behind Kiev. The Red cavalry under General Budenny, a ranker and a

Communist, who first showed his brilliant qualities as a leader against Denikin, raided a good hundred miles behind the Polish lines. The Poles seem to have recognized the inevitable, and evacuated Kiev with little or no fighting on the spot, and their front is now eighty miles behind the former lines. Though they seem to be doing rather better in the far north, they have not even there recovered all the ground lost to the Reds.

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In withdrawing from Kiev the Poles left their mark upon it. Not only did they destroy the bridge and the railway stations; the wireless news from Moscow asserts that they also dynamited the water-works, the electric power station, and the great Vladimir Cathedral. The first of these outrages is much the worst, for a town of 700,000 inhabitants, scourged already with epidemics, will soon lapse at midsummer into a terrible state of filth and disease if its water is cut off. Politically, the destruction of the Cathedral (if it has been consummated) will make an even greater impression on all the Orthodox population of Russia and the Ukraine. Kiev was one of the holy cities of the Eastern Church, the cradle of Russian Christianity, and though this great church is a modern building, its ruin by the Catholic Poles will make it impossible in the future for any Ukrainian faction, however small, to support them. The wireless news states that great quantities of British munitions, and an armored train of British manufacture were found among the Polish stores in Kiev. Mr. Churchill should be asked to supply Parliament with a return of the supplies with which he has provided the Bolsheviks by various indirect channels. It must be added that the Poles accuse the Bolsheviks of killing their wounded, and of other cruelties. A pretty war for England to equip!

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THE Allied anti-Russian Staff continues its various operations badly. General Wrangel has now made the offensive of which he boasted long ago, and has broken out of the Crimea, far too late to relieve the pressure on the Poles. Mr. Lloyd George, finding our complicity in Wrangel's operations an embarrassment in his dealings with Mr. Krassin, has now disavowed him, recalled our military "mission" which was helping him, and told the Navy not to back him by any further bombardments of South Russian ports. This is well, and as one grows weary of exposing the detailed falsehood of official statements about Russia, we will not examine Mr. Lloyd George's statements in detail—a task which the "Manchester Guardian" has performed very neatly. General von Wrangel never made the least secret of his intentions. His order of the day promising an offensive was published in our papers many weeks ago, and it contained the definite statement that Lord Curzon had guaranteed the inviolability of the Crimea. We gravely fear that Downing Street is now deserting a loyal ally. His first offensive has had some success, but we do not doubt that the Bolsheviks can deal with it in due course. Only, when all is over, there will be fewer Russian peasants left to reap the harvests which even Downing Street would like to load on British ships.

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Of the progress of the negotiations with Mr. Krassin there is no reliable news, for the Foreign Office has bound the Russians to silence. In a leading article the "Manchester Guardian" mentions that the discussions opened with a British demand that Russia should change her form of Government. We find it hard to believe that Mr. Lloyd George can seriously intend to impose this condition. Did he not on the very same day tell Parliament that he would trade even with cannibals?

This part of the wizard's wand may have been meant to dazzle the Russians, but had they taken it literally they would have left London already. The more serious difficulty seems to be the demand that Russia shall recognize all the debts of Tsardom, and restore the property of foreign subjects. Well, if the Soviets are the heirs of Tsardom's debts, they inherit also the promises. How if they were to ask for Constantinople? If damages are discussed, they might claim something for the cost of repressing our subsidized civil war. The Alabama case was not nearly so clear.

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WE are a practical race, and fortunes have been made ere now by turning rubbish to commercial uses. So Lord Curzon must have thought when he conceived the masterly idea of using the League of Nations to protect Persia against the Bolsheviks. He took his measures with some attention to detail. The Council of the League met in London. He himself was in the chair. The others present were the Ambassadors, who must deal with him every day on their own business. They all sat mum, it seems, or agreed vocally, with one exception, the Frenchman. He, we gather, had the audacity to raise some preliminary points. The Russians did, to be sure, land at Enzeli, and so violated Persian neutrality. But what was the British force doing there? There is, of course, the Anglo-Persian Agreement, but that has never been submitted to the League. We took that "mandate" without asking anyone's leave. The result was that further secret sessions were held to overcome the French objections.

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THE outcome is never likely to be fully known, for meanwhile a new complication had arisen. If we can believe the French, the Persian Ambassador in Paris had no authority, other than Lord Curzon's majestic nod, for appealing to the League. The Government in Teheran, which oddly enough likes the Bolsheviks, is grateful to them for withdrawing in 1917 the Russian troops then in occupation of all North Persia, and thinks that it knows an Imperialist when it sees him, has meanwhile been negotiating in the friendliest way with Moscow, and has reached a full agreement. The fact is, of course, that the Bolsheviks went to Enzeli to stop one of the interminable schemes of the Churchill-Long-Curzon school. A British naval mission of eighty men was on its way, *via* Batoum, to Enzeli. Why? Presumably to re-organize Denikin's Caspian Navy. The Reds stopped that game by taking the ships. It was the Wrangel manœuvre in a new place. So, after all, the League will not have to intervene in a Russo-Persian "dispute." We are heartily glad. Better that the League did nothing than that it should be prostituted as the tool of our Imperialism. But is Lord Curzon really a skilful diplomatic hand? Any simpleton would have asked the question: Why does Lord Curzon invoke the League against Russia's doings in Persia, when he would not allow it to interfere with Poland's attack on Russia?

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WE deal elsewhere with the singular and very maladroit letter to the British working class, which reached it last week from Lenin, through the oddly-chosen medium of the "Times." Clumsier, if possible, than the letter itself was the reply which Mr. Churchill has drafted, in the name of British Labor, for the readers of the "Evening News." It is in his best Hercules vein. Lenin is "a monster seated upon a throne of skulls," while Russia is "an enslaved, infected, starving, and verminous Bedlam." Mr. Churchill ought to know what Russia is like, for it is mainly his

own work. Who blockaded it, excluding soap for its lice and drugs for its "infection"? Who starved it by stopping its trade? Mr. Churchill seems to know some of the truth. He chuckles over the lack of locomotives, and pictures the sturdy peasant refusing to sell his grain to the towns. Why does he refuse? Because Moscow, like Vienna (which is not Bolshevik) has nothing to sell. Others of Mr. Churchill's facts are less accurate. The picture of Russia "on the eve of victory" in 1917 is a bad joke. Did he never read of the Grand Duke's retreat? Again it was not Lenin, but Koltchak, who shot members of the Constituent Assembly. But does the Cabinet system survive in this country? Why does Mr. Lloyd George tolerate a fierce, if silly, attack on his policy, contributed by a colleague to the hottest of the papers that spill a daily column of abuse on him?

THE return of Signor Giolitti to the premiership of Italy, marks a stage in the decay of the Alliance even more significant than the daily campaigns against this country in the Parisian semi-official press. Giolitti never recanted his neutralism, and his return means that Italy has shed the last of a victor's and an ally's illusions. He will presumably continue the *rapprochement* which Signor Nitti had begun with Germany and Austria, provided always that he can maintain his grip upon the internal situation. The epidemic of strikes continues. The definitely "Red" feeling of the working class has just been shown in the refusal of the Trieste railwaymen to carry the returning Tchecho-Slovaks by train, because they fought against the Bosheviks. The crux of the situation is finance. The expenditure is three times the revenue. The subsidized loaf has to be sold at a fifth of its cost price. We charge £5 a ton for coal at Genoa! Signor Giolitti was in his younger days a skilful financier and a great artist in party manipulation. This situation calls for bigger qualities. Italy will certainly stand in the Alliance for a liberal European policy, but has she real power in her present plight to exert an influence? Such as she has will be that of the desperate debtor, who can only threaten to go Red or to go bankrupt.

GERMANY, as we write, is still without a Government. President Ebert first asked the ex-Chancellor Müller to form a Government. He failed because the Independent Socialists would not join him in any coalition with middle-class parties. Herr Heintze of the German People's Party was the next leader called on. He failed because the Majority Socialists would not join with him. Then Herr Trimborn of the Centre was sent for, and saw his way to a bare majority with the Bavarian Peasants added to the old Coalition. Again the Majority Socialists refused. Another possibility is now a purely *bourgeois* Coalition composed of Centre, Democrats, and German People's Party. It would have no majority, and could live only with the friendly neutrality of the Majority Socialists. It might carry on, and deal with urgent foreign questions, but it could have no active domestic policy. A worse solution is hardly conceivable, for such a combination would not carry out disarmament—we doubt if any but an all-Socialist Government would ever seriously try. The Allies will not like dealing with a Government which includes the Jingo People's Party. But they asked for this complication by treating a Left Coalition as dirt under their feet. They make the government of Germany impossible.

ALTHOUGH the Republican nomination came to the European world as an immense surprise, the latter stages of the Chicago Convention were exactly in accord with

tradition. When Senator Johnson's relatively small following was declared, it became clear that the choice must fall upon one of the men approved by the party managers. General Wood was practically eliminated along with Johnson, for, notwithstanding his large vote, the "invisible government" was against him. His nomination would have meant a "bolt" of the Western Progressives led by Johnson. Governor Lowden had, like Wood, been gravely damaged by the senatorial disclosures as to the campaign funds. Senator Warren G. Harding carried no such handicap. The result was his victory on the tenth ballot.

SENATOR HARDING is universally described as a politician of the McKinley order. A printer and newspaper proprietor, he was, until he went to Washington five years ago, wholly concerned with Ohio politics. He is 55 years old, a Baptist Church member, and an unwavering party man. His recreations are oratory and poker. In the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he supported the Lodge reservations. On Prohibition, which the party platform ignores, he is said to be a mild reservationist. The only section of the party which declines to accept the majority choice is that led by Senator La Follette of Wisconsin. The Democrats profess to be jubilant. But their Convention in San Francisco, a week hence, will find itself faced, in defiance of Mr. Bryan, with the demand for unqualified ratification of the Treaty. Mr. McAdoo, Governor Cox of Ohio, and Mr. Davis the Ambassador—a man of refinement of character and demeanor, and a first-rate representative of his country here—are the only prominent names mentioned for the Democratic nomination.

"THE Republican machine" (writes Mr. Francis Hackett, the literary editor of the "New Republic," to us) "has had a *succès fou*. It has buried Hoover, evaded Wood, discarded Lowden, and adopted its own perfect product, Senator Harding of Ohio. Now it is prepared to wage its own kind of efficient, ruthless warfare for the resumption of national power. The best judges thought that Harding was finally dished when he did so badly in the Ohio primaries. Those judges did not reckon with the savage determination of the Republican machine politicians. Another four years in the wilderness, and this competent organization of hungry office-seekers, time-servers, and political parasites would have weakened and gone to pieces. You cannot keep such an army in the field indefinitely without pay and without booty. But the moment Lowden of Illinois became tarred with the same Wall Street brush as General Wood, the chances for Harding became magnificent. The bosses leapt to him with a feeling that it was too good to be true. For in Senator Harding the machine has its own well-tried, excellently tempered instrument—a Presidential candidate who really knows his master's voice."

SPA (writes a well-informed correspondent), if it is to be reached at all, is to be reached by way of Boulogne as well as Brussels. Not only is the full conference with the Germans at the beginning of July to be preceded by a conclave of the Allies at Brussels a few days earlier, but Mr. George and M. Millerand are to make a brief excursion to Boulogne next Monday to continue the inconclusive conversations begun last month at Hythe. While the ostensible subject of the discussions is finance, as indicated by the fact that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Marshal are to accompany their Prime Ministers, the real purpose of the meeting is probably a frank talk on the general relations between this country and France, particularly in regard to the Russian problem.



## Politics and Affairs.

### LENIN'S QUESTION.

WE have read much more skilful documents than the curious epistle which Lenin has addressed to the British working class. Clearly the equipment of this formidable mind does not include an exact knowledge of British Labor. The purpose of the letter was, one guesses, to promote a rift between the extreme Left of the Labor movement and its present moderate leaders. A revolutionary movement must always begin in that way. "Your leaders," Lenin says, or suggests, "are a set of simpletons, judging from some of the specimens you have sent to Moscow. Imagine people who can doubt, at this time of day, that the British Government is sending munitions to the Poles." We confess at this point to sharing Lenin's sentiments. Labor leaders who ask for more proofs of Mr. Churchill's complicity in the assaults upon the Russian Republic are past praying for. If they still doubt, perhaps the news that British munitions and armored trains have been captured at Kiev may help to convince them. To do our Government justice, it does not deny the fact; it only quibbles about the dates. The broader indictment in Lenin's letter is, to our thinking, more provocative of thought. "The leaders" (to paraphrase again) "whom you have sent to see me, cannot pardon the inhumanity incidental to a revolution. We have executed some 8,000 persons; we avow it. But blinded by custom and tradition, taught to accept things as they are, your leaders refuse to see the colossal inhumanities of which the capitalist system is guilty."

That rough argument may be effective enough as a demagogic appeal. The worst of this case is, however, that the more one attempts to think precisely, the stronger does the case put by Lenin appear. The barbarities of the Russian revolution are indisputable, though we imagine that they have been exaggerated, and also that the Terror came to an end, more or less, many months ago. The only terror to-day in Russia, as Mr. Ben Turner put it, is hunger. Nor were these atrocities really a part of the doctrine. They were the result of the barbarism and ignorance which had lingered in Russia under the long obscurantism of Tsardom. They were not so much Bolshevik as Russian phenomena, for the "Whites," who also are Russians, have behaved, so far as we can gather, rather worse than the "Reds." They are of a piece with the sabotage which the Poles have perpetrated at Kiev. To break bridges and destroy railways is, we suppose, legitimate military frightfulness, but to destroy the water-supply of a city of 700,000 inhabitants, in mid-summer, in a land scourged with epidemics, is a barbarity which robs the perpetrators of any claim to civilization. It has been the practice also of Denikin's armies to perpetrate this sort of ruin at the expense of the water and light supplies of Russian towns, whenever they have been forced to retreat.

It is against the charge of sabotage on an infinitely greater scale than this that the society to which Lenin is a rebel has to defend itself. He would begin (if he went no further back) with the war. He would laugh at any attempt to discriminate between the guilt of the respective belligerents. The war, he would say, whether you trace it to Russo-German rivalries in the Near East, or to Anglo-German rivalries for world-power and world-

trade, was a capitalist phenomenon. Let who doubts it scrutinize the concrete war-aims of the two sides, nakedly revealed as they have been in the exploitation of the ex-German island of Nauro for British, Australian, and New Zealand profiteers. Those aims are coal-fields, oil-fields, iron-fields, phosphates, trade-routes, colonies, indemnities, handicaps for the trade of the vanquished. They are all set out in the Brest-Litovsk peace, the secret Treaties, and the peace of Versailles and its sequels. We cannot take Lenin's advice to make a revolution to understand it, for it costs less to buy a copy of the Versailles Treaty. This may be contentious matter, and for our part we think the strongest case could be based on an objective survey of the actual policy followed since November, 1918.

The first clear item is the prolongation of the blockade of Germany for nine months after the armistice. The maintenance of the blockade of Russia is the second, and it continues to this day. Count the results of these two measures in the lives lost, the lives maimed, and the births prevented, and one must say, that if the Red revolution slew its thousands, the Allied blockades have probably accounted for millions. For a generation to come whole populations of stunted, defective, misshapen children, rickety and tuberculous, will bear in their bodies the marks of these blockades. That, if you will, was incidental, temporary, a ghastly and passing error, and something has been done to repair it by Mr. Hoover, the Quakers, and other humane people, who more or less accept the capitalist view of society. But now turn to the more permanent results of the peace. Here is Vienna, so mishandled to suit the Allied strategy for Central Europe, that there are two deaths to one living birth in its population. Next come the German towns, existing on about half the physiological ration, and reckoning that if their population could be reduced by about twelve millions, they might just contrive to live modestly.

One has to begin by stating the case in this way, but the gravamen of the charge is not that we have been lacking in Christian charity to an enemy. Christianity is a rare virtue—at least in a Christian State. The main point is rather that by a converging set of measures, from the blockades to the treaties and the indemnity, we have so lamed the productive capacity of Europe as to make a world-shortage which threatens its entire population with semi-famine, and the reduction either of the population itself, or else of its standard of life. Europe lived on the productivity of German industry. By one means and another we have wrecked that machine, nor, given the treaties, does one see how its wheels are ever again to rotate at the old *tempo*. The phenomenon is now becoming universal, and is spreading to the victors. An Italian Cabinet and a Polish Cabinet both fell during last week over the question of the loaf.

We anticipate at this point a natural rejoinder. "You are saddling capitalism," we may be told, "with the romantic follies of the Kaiser, the flightiness of Mr. George, the vindictiveness of M. Clemenceau, the maladroitness of Mr. Wilson, the *tête montée* of Mr. Churchill. Plenty of capitalistic heads on both sides, from Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Hoover, to Herr Erzberger and Herr Dernburg, were sane during most of the time." Granted, but it is no accident that the first set of persons and not the second had the power. Moreover, on analysis, we think it could be readily shown that the motive for most of these follies on both sides was the greed of big groups of capitalistic producers.



Why did Ludendorff destroy the French coal-mines? To lame a rival industry. Why did we drive German traders out of China, sequester their businesses, levy a coal tribute, refuse reciprocity of trading rights, and prolong the blockade? Was it not for the same reason? Why did we attack Russia and finance Denikin? To defend the capitalist system. The net result is that the system itself, by its record in prolonging, if not also in causing the war, and by its misshaping of the peace, has thrown doubt on its own chief justification. It claims to be the one efficient method of ensuring the mass production of vast quantities of goods, which enable dense populations to live on a relatively high level of comfort. The pacific Liberalism of the Victorian age, with its Cobdenite doctrine and tolerant habit of mind, and with idealists like Gladstone and Bright to interpret it, might well have escaped this breakdown. But the subsequent association of finance with the export of capital has led to a nationalistic and Imperialistic phase of the dreadful work which confronts us. It does not produce the goods. Or rather, in its effort to promote, not production, but profit-making in the victorious lands by destroying competitors, it over-reaches itself and makes a world-shortage.

We have set out Lenin's question, and for the present we shall leave it unanswered. The answer will come from history, and we cannot foresee it. Some even of the authors of these calamities seem to see what they have done, and try fitfully to reverse it. Mr. Lloyd George, talking of fighting revolution with plenty, has a glimpse of the truth. But does he realize that plenty here is not enough and may in the end be impossible? There must be plenty also in Russia, in Poland, in Germany, in Italy. And if he does understand it, can he overcome the Churchills, the Northcliffes, the Millerands, the Pilsudskis? Time will show. It by no means follows (and that is the real tragedy of our case), because capitalism linked with Imperialism lames the productivity of a continent, that Communism could do any better. The first effects of any revolution, even a far milder one than Lenin's, would be to check production and lower the standards still further. That is admitted quite frankly in the abler writings of Communist theorists themselves. That, in the long run, with a fair field, a Communist State might, by an intensive improvement of education, by eliminating the waste of competition, by suppressing luxury trades, by playing on the motive of social service in the workers themselves, vie with capitalist production and beat it, is a theoretic possibility, but no more. When we watch the desperate expedients of militarized labor and premiums for hard work to which Russia is reduced, we have our doubts. In any event there is not the smallest risk, at present, that any but a negligible fringe of British Labor will feel sure enough of the eventual success of Communism to risk the certain misery and shock of revolution. But we do wish that it were, as a whole, more alive to the devastating cruelties of Imperialist-capitalism towards Ireland, towards Central Europe, and towards Russia. The choice is probably not between Lenin's harsh and bleak Utopia and the present vestibule of Hell. It is rather that Europe, unable to free itself from its present phase of decline, and too weak, or too sane, or too divided, to gamble with the revolutionary alternative, may rot in a death in life, spiritual as well as material. The towns may dwindle; millions be weeded out; industry and science be neglected: and Europe survive as a crude and reactionary agrarian continent of Junkers and clerical peasants, cured at once of ambition, of learning, and of civilization.

### THE IRISH WAR.

"The crisis has called into existence one of those supreme issues of conscience amid which the ordinary landmarks of permissible resistance to technical law are submerged. We shall not shrink from the consequences of that view, not though the whole fabric of the Commonwealth be convulsed, and we shall tread the path of destiny knowing that whether it leads to freedom or disaster it is the only road which does not lead to dishonor."—*The present Lord Chancellor on the Ulster crisis, quoted by the National Executive of the Irish Labor Party and Trade Union Congress.*

THE House of Commons has an atmosphere of its own, and questions that seem natural enough to the man in the street seem outrageous to members of that august assembly. Last week Commander Kenworthy asked a question which the House thought so shocking that he was threatened with expulsion. Yet nine out of ten people outside Parliament would have liked an answer to it. Commander Kenworthy wanted to know what was the difference between the conduct for which Captain Barton, a Sinn Fein M.P. who fought in the war, was serving a sentence of three years' imprisonment at Dartmoor, and the conduct of Sir Edward Carson in 1912, 1913, 1914, and 1919? We go further. The plain man would like to know not only what is the difference between these two cases, he would like to have full particulars of the offences for which, as Sir Horace Plunkett says, Irishmen have been arrested, deported, and imprisoned by the hundred. Mr. Lloyd George uses the murders of policemen as a smoke-screen, but persons who reflect will remember that a great number of men were deported before there had been any murders. Their crime was not murder or attempt to murder or encouragement to murder. What was it? Of the members elected by Irish constituencies to Parliament in October, 1918, sixty-eight have either been put in prison or have been "wanted" by the police. Does Mr. Lloyd George suggest that these sixty-eight were concerned with murder or incitement to murder? Or of the hundreds of Irishmen who have been deported without trial or charge that they have all been concerned with murder? We know enough of the Government's method of propaganda to be sure that if they had any evidence to support such a view it would have been before the public long ago. No; the crime of these men is political. They have organized an opposition to British policy in Ireland which has secured the allegiance of some 90 per cent. of the Irish population. It is not a campaign against murder on which we are embarking. *The people of Britain are being pushed into war with the people of Ireland.*

Of this there can no longer be any doubt. The results of the recent elections show conclusively that the "Times" is right when it declares that Sinn Fein is synonymous with Ireland. The Sinn Feiners secured 525 seats out of 699. If we add the Republican Labor Party, the Ulster Nationalists, we get a total of 590 seats out of 699, leaving to the Unionist party 86 seats or 12 per cent. Even in the six-county Ulster, two counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, have ceased to be Unionist. It is against this overwhelming body of opinion that we are to make war. A Frenchman of distinction, M. Goblet, writing in the "Revue de Paris," draws the contrast between the Ireland of which Sir Edward Grey said on August 3rd, that it was the only bright prospect in a black sky, and the Ireland of to-day governed by martial law, raids, deportations and all the barbarous injustice of arbitrary and irresponsible rule. And the comment of the correspondent of the "Times" in Ireland is that there is "a revolt against England, based on a profound resentment of injustice."

The methods of that rule are much the same everywhere, and at all times. In 1819 we had a Government in which the people of the nation had no share, and its methods were a milder edition of the methods we now employ in Ireland. Men were locked up for speeches or pamphlets expressing discontent with the existing régime. If a man was caught with a popular print of the Peterloo massacre in his pocket, he was flogged or put into prison. An Irishman who had in his pocket a print illustrating the executions after the Easter rising during the 1918 election was given a year's imprisonment. Our rulers in Ireland go further than Castlereagh and Sidmouth, for they locked up a man who had in his possession a pamphlet giving nothing but extracts from speeches by Sir Edward Carson, the present Lord Chancellor, and their friends in 1913. The British people who hear a great deal about the murders in Ireland hear very little about the raids on private houses, the suppression of the teaching of Irish, the daily and hourly persecution that is inseparable from martial law. The other day British troops entered and took possession of the Irish College at Ballingearry, County Cork, which is specially devoted to the study of the Irish language. What would the men whom Sir Edward Carson instructed to keep their arms at all costs have done if they had been visited by tanks, their homes invaded by soldiers with drawn bayonets, their wives and children roughly handled, their houses turned upside down? Or how would his Provisional Government have behaved if it had been hunted about like the Economic Commission set up by De Valera's Provisional Government? (And the present Provisional Government represents the people of Ireland, whereas the last was appointed by Sir Edward Carson and a small oligarchy.) Would there have been no murders in Ulster if men against whom no tittle of evidence was forthcoming had been dragged from their homes, flung across the sea, and kept as prisoners at Wormwood Scrubs? The British people, except those who have read Major Erskine Childers' articles in the "Daily News," know little about the way in which the Irish people are pressed or goaded into crime.

The Government which has kept martial law in Ireland during eighteen months of peace, was under special obligations to act with moderation. For one of its chief members is Mr. Bonar Law, the author of the Blenheim pledge, who went to Belfast during the war, amid the grave anxieties of September, 1919, to say that he and his party would support the resistance of Ulster to the British Government, even if the majority of the British people had declared against Ulster. The Attorney-General, Sir Gordon Hewart, told the House of Commons that Sir Edward Carson had done nothing for which he could be proscribed when he went to Belfast in September of last year to say that he would call out the Ulster Volunteers if one jot or tittle was taken from the rights of the Ulster people. What would he have done if Valera had threatened to call out the Irish Volunteers? The present Lord Chancellor declared in 1913 that he would go to Ireland to fight for Ulster against the British Army. And Sir Edward Carson and his friends, whom these members of the present Government supported, did not shrink from advocating violence. They set up a Provisional Government, and they started importing arms from Germany, and drilling. "Keep your arms," said Sir Edward Carson, in January, 1914, "no matter what happens. I rely upon everyone to fight for his arms to the end. Let no man take them from you. I do not care who they be or under what authority they come. I tell you, stick

to your arms." (A Sinn Féiner in Derry has just been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by court martial for possessing arms.) In September, 1914, when the rest of us were wondering whether any part of Belgium could be saved from invasion, Sir Edward Carson boasted in Belfast that not a single gun had gone out of Ulster, and he declared that he would never consent to a single gun leaving Ulster. Some of his friends went further, and one Unionist paper in the winter before the war boasted that the Covenanters had had an offer of help "from a powerful Continental monarch." It is in an Ireland in which this kind of speech was condoned by the present Prime Minister and encouraged by his chief colleague that it is now made a crime to express the opinions of the great majority of the Irish people.

No element of aggravation has been lacking. Let us call attention to one fact alone which explains why Ireland has passed through the change described by M. Goblet. The chief reason why the Chartist movement passed over without an epidemic of violence was the care with which the Government chose its commanding officers in 1839. Sir Charles Napier, who took the position at the request of Lord John Russell, did more than any man of his time to save the country from civil war. Now Napier agreed with the Chartists on everything except their belief in physical force. He was for universal suffrage but against violence. His tact, magnanimity, sympathy, and foresight, saved the situation. What have the Government done in Ireland? In a crisis more perilous than that in the North of England in 1839, they appointed to high command in Ireland an officer who commanded the Ulster Volunteers at their march past King Carson at the famous review of 1913, a soldier who agrees with the Irish people in nothing except its belief in physical force. It is the business of this officer who helped the Ulster Volunteers to defy the Government in 1913 to institute raids for arms in Nationalist Ireland.

It is apparently considered improper to talk in the House of Commons of the conduct of the Ulster leaders. We are told that all their language was the sheet lightning of party politics, and to recall it is merely recrimination. But if England and Ireland are to plunge into war, it is important for us to remember what our cause looks like to the Irish people, and to the world outside. It is announced in the "Manchester Guardian" that the Government are to set up a Committee of judges to try persons accused of serious crime in Ireland. That marks an advance over trial by court martial or imprisonment without trial if the proceedings are public, and the House of Commons shows at last some sense of responsibility for what is happening in Ireland and what is being done there in the name of the British people. The real issue to-day is the issue described by Macaulay in 1832. "I know how the peace is kept at New York. It is by the assent and support of the people. I understand also how the peace is kept at Milan. It is by the swords of the Austrian soldiers." Are we going to keep the peace as it was kept in New York or as it was kept in Milan? At the moment the second course seems easier to the British Government. Already they have changed their Local Government Bill into a measure for giving autonomy to Protestant Ulster and putting the rest of Ireland under Crown Colony Government. That is a declaration of war on the very life of Irish Nationalism. But what will history say of the Government that led the British people into war on such an issue? And what will it say of politicians of all parties who let us slip into this calamity without effective protest?

### THE CHANCES OF THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

In the "real politics" of America publicity and popular consent play an almost negligible part, as is quite clear from last week's proceedings at Chicago. The emergence of Senator Harding as the choice of the Republican Party came as no surprise to the politicians, who had virtually decided some months ago that the Wood and Johnson factions were too enthusiastic and too dangerous for party unity, and that a conservative and manageable mediocrity would best meet the delicate requirements of the situation. The chosen candidate can fairly be represented as of humble origin, rising by personal merit, and of blameless character and career. Nobody pretends that he has "magnetism," or a genius for statescraft. Men with such qualities, if they are discoverable, are too independent to suit the purposes of the Big Business interests and the bosses who dominate the Republican machine. The machine-man may sometimes have to risk this independence. But to-day's calculation is that personal prestige is not essential to a Republican victory. Up to the last few weeks, indeed, it has been generally held that the Democrats, with Mr. Wilson as a millstone round their necks, had not even a sporting chance of success. Every post-war Government almost of necessity gathers a growing fund of unpopularity with the business interests that resent the relics of war-control. In addition to these interferences and the taxation and high-price grievances, the repressive antics of Mr. Mitchell Palmer have alienated the left wing of Democracy, driving it more and more into the insurgency of the new Labor, Socialist, and Non-partisan movements.

Evidently, however, the selection of Messrs. Harding and Coolidge for the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidatures, is rousing new hopes among the Democrats. The definitely conservative and obstructive character of the Republican platform upon the two great issues, the place of America in the new Society of Nations, and the policy towards Labor and industrial unrest, is not concealed by the conciliatory rhetoric of the Chicago platform. Not only the denunciation of all proposals to commit America to the existing League of Nations or any other League hampering her complete sovereign independence, but the pushful foreign policy in such matters as the Panama Tolls controversy and the strong hand in Mexico, are deeply significant of the trend of opinion among the framers of Republicanism. It is true that among the more educated circles of the East many good Republicans are secretly critical of the Senate's attitude towards the Versailles Treaty, and want America to take her place in the new world order. The plank contributed by Mr. Root to the platform, expressing a willingness to enter some new vague international arrangement, with a judicial settlement for disputes, is a transparent endeavor to conciliate this element and keep it in the party fold. A League by any other name would sound sweeter.

Equally vague and compromising appears to be the attitude towards Labor and industrial reconstruction. A formal acceptance is indeed given to collective bargaining (a step in advance of last winter's Industrial Conference which broke upon this issue). But the qualifications are such as to evoke at once the strong expostulations of Mr. Gompers and his conservative wing of the Labor movement. Again, while protection and national defence seem to be kept in the background, everyone knows that a Republican administration means a pressure of business interests for a higher Tariff and an expensive scheme of national defence. Neither of these proposals may make good campaign material. But they are inherent in the temper and policy of conservative

America, and the critics of Republicanism may be expected to bring them into due publicity. All these considerations are incitements to the approaching Democratic Convention at San Francisco to select a strongly progressive candidate and to give him his head. The tremendous enthusiasm aroused by Senator Johnson in the West and Middle States, was due, not chiefly to his intransigent attitude on the Covenant and his anti-Europeanism, but to his stirring appeals for civil liberty and the curbing of the arbitrary powers of Government officials and business combinations. These evidences of Radicalism within the Republican fold, first disclosed by Mr. Roosevelt's "progressive" revolt, are now widespread, and might offer to a Democratic candidate able to appeal to them the opportunity of a large Republican secession.

If Carlyle's view of history were correct and "great men" were always kept in waiting for "the times" to "call them forth," here would be a matchless opportunity. For America, like every other country, is to-day drifting on an uncharted ocean into unknown perils. The old historic policies, laid down by "the fathers" and patched to meet later emergencies, will no longer serve. America cannot revert to her pre-war isolation and self-sufficiency, political and economic. The mere fact that she has passed from the position of a debtor into that of a creditor nation, carries momentous political as well as commercial implications. The revelations of the possibilities of sea and air warfare have destroyed the confidence of national defence in which she hitherto has lived. She has great stakes in the good government and peace of the world which she did not possess before, and though adherents of the old order may fight against these new facts of the American situation, they cannot win. Mr. Wilson seemed to have a vital apprehension of this necessity of a transformation of American statescraft and of the faith required to effect it. For reasons now familiar to the world he failed at the critical juncture to apply the great principles he preached. But that is no condemnation either of the principles or of the practical idealism in the American people, which, duly conserved and directed, might have brought peace and healing to the broken world. It may be that this failure of Mr. Wilson's and the Allies lies too obtrusively across the path of the Democratic Party. It is, perhaps, impossible to find the champion of this new American spirit of national and international reconstruction within the old parties. A larger Bryan, with an altogether wider outlook, but with those qualities of moral passion and eloquence which the Nebraska statesman injected into his first campaign, might rally those forces of economic, political, and spiritual discontent and aspiration which are so widely scattered over America to-day. For there is in all quarters in that country a conviction that the world is entering on a new era in which America must play her part, and that inside America the evolution of capitalism and of the money-power has made the old individualism no longer safe or practicable. If the coming San Francisco Convention has the courage to throw itself upon this new tide of national thought and sentiment, and can, by the personality of its selected candidate, give confidence and enthusiasm to the distracted elements now in search of a new party, it may yet raise the bare possibility of success into a probability.

But the measure of this opportunity would largely hinge upon the changing economic situation of this summer. If the collapse of overstrained credit and the consequent check of the export trade should bring a serious depression of home industries, with rapidly increasing unemployment, there must be a disastrous reaction, and the blow



to the administration would destroy any chance that the Democratic candidate, however advanced in his professions, might otherwise possess. The left wing might then join the restive elements, which lie outside the regular parties, in a vote of Radical protest given to Mr. Debs, the adopted Socialist candidate. Such a division would seem to make victory for Mr. Harding certain.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is the new quarry of the Northcliffe Press, but there is something more in these attacks than Lord Rothermere's zeal to cut down the Education rate. He was never a "City" Chancellor, and Mr. McKenna's powerful speech points the City's belief that there is little strength in him. But who is really strong? The McKenna analysis reveals the rather awful fact that over-taxation and mis-taxation have reached a point at which they stop trade-recovery, and therefore that the real deficit of three hundred or four hundred millions cannot be made up. "Spend less, then," say the critics. Yes, and doubtless if Mesopotamia were evacuated, the French Alliance and the German occupation ended, and disarmament begun: if the idle stopped spending, and the profiteer profiteering: if we cut all our little wars and half-wars, our subsidized war and our blockaded peace: if Mr. Churchill and Mr. Long and the blameless Addison were all bundled together out of the Government—the reign of economy might have a chance to begin. But neither is Mr. Chamberlain the man to wield a broom on such a stable of Augeas, nor does a second Hercules happen to be at hand. The stable is the world; and its litter is the war. British trade is even now flagging, and must flag until the Governments take in hand the essential job of restoring the European markets, in place of stripping the wretched stall-holders to the bone. I have little doubt Mr. Chamberlain will go, for the public want scapegoats, and the Government readily yields them. But it will not make a tittle of difference.

EVEN the Free Liberals were surprised at their victory in Louth. Mr. Christopher Turnor, the Coalitionist, was so good a candidate, and so versed in the constituency's great subject of the land, that the Government's hard campaign for him, and their lavish promises over Louth's disaster, seemed certain to succeed. Instead 4,000 votes are turned round, and Free Liberalism lifts a formidable head again. Its strength lies largely in the rural constituencies, and this, linked with Labor's command of the industrial towns, and with a scientific distribution of seats between the two parties, would obviously sweep the Government out and out. If, therefore, this tactic is never used and in consequence the Coalition wins a second election, it will come in on a minority vote. Does anyone suppose that in such times as are coming on fast such a Government could govern? It would be the riskiest thing since the Civil War. Yet while Labor's Left and Right remain critically divided as to strategy, the one disposed to give Liberalism its part in government, the other determined to have none of it, I don't see an alternative.

THE psychology of Lenin's letter is hard to read. It has the true stamp of Karl Marx; more or less all Marxians, gentle and simple, talk alike, and I vow that

since I heard Mr. Hyndman's first speech I should recognize one, whether he talked horses or trigonometry. But Lenin, like his master, is an old student of European Socialism, and he ought to have known enough of the Labor movement here not to pin his colors to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. What was his object? To strengthen the revolutionary section? As everybody but Sir Basil Thomson knows, British Labor, advanced and moderate, is nearly all Menshevik; and though I would not under-rate Mr. Churchill's gifts as an agent of revolution, I doubt whether even he could much deepen its hue. Therefore, the letter, while it has the force of challenge that all Lenin's writing possesses, was a mis-aimed shaft. Why then did Lenin write it? His personality has always been enigmatic, and his strength would seem to lie in the unshaken self-belief which to those who studied him in his period of exile, and often thought his tactics devious, gave him his character as a leader. I suppose, without this quality of super-conceit, the Napoleons of war and politics and business would soon go under.

ONE reads Mr. Buckle's story of "Dizzy" the Imperialist (the last two volumes) with a very respectful view of his hero's mind and an equally irreverent one of his character. What a magnificent old Scapin! One must really conclude from it that Dizzy deliberately began his Imperialism (not at all the creed of his middle career) as an advertisement of his last Ministry. Things were a little dull in politics; and here was a refresher. The game was certainly played with magnificent skill, and it is easy to read between the lines the kindred Bismarck's admiration of it and his fellow-feeling for the player. Dizzy's thesis was that British influence in Continental politics was declining under Gladstonian pacifism, and that it must be revived. His bluff was that of a veteran poker-player. He never had an army that could have done half the things he pretended it could—he said to the Queen that she must "order her armies" to "clear Central Asia of the Muscovites," and "drive them into the Caspian"—and he made no effort to provide one. I suppose he stopped the Russianizing of the Balkans; but his deliberate Imperialism set all the hungry dogs straining at the chain for their share of the Turkish carcase. Mr. Buckle's analysis of Disraelian ethics strikes one as thin: Mr. Monypenny's is far more penetrating. The Lady Bradford letters are amusing, but they are overdone, and tend to become a recital of poor Dizzy's Barmecide feasts (the gout was his cruel and incessant foe) with the dazzled but to the last the condescending Great. As for Queen Victoria—if I were a Republican pamphleteer, I should make large gleanings from her letters to Beaconsfield.

I USED rather to like Mr. Churchill's style till he took to qualifying for a reportership on the Northcliffe press. It didn't mean much, but it was a "littery" affair: classical and balanced, and all that. And it was English. But now something seems to run from Mr. Churchill's pen which is certainly not that, and yet on my first puzzled sight of it, recalled something I had read before. Then the clouds rolled away, and I remembered. "Martin Chuzzlewit," and Jefferson Brick, war correspondent of the "New York Rowdy Journal"! Do my readers fail to follow me? Then let them put this from Mr. Churchill—

"As long as Lenin remained immured in the Kremlin, presiding in calm seclusion over the vast work of destroying every Russian institution and every human institution within his reach, as long as he was known to us only as the remote embodiment of Terror and the promulgator of levelling decrees, it was perhaps difficult

for the ordinary Englishman and the ordinary Laborist to size him up and see exactly where he stood.

"But when the monster lifts his veil, descends from his throne of skulls, and starts writing political squibs to British working men, we get something about which any intelligent elector, man or woman, can form his own opinion."

by the side of this from the immortal Brick, and say which is the greater nonsense:—

"As the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick," hinted the colonel.

"Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said 'blood,' he gave the great pair of scissors a snap, as if they said 'blood,' too, and were quite of his opinion."

The two passages might be written by the same hand.

A FRIEND lately returned from America sends me the interesting news that, so long ago as February, Colonel House gave him an exact forecast of the Republican Convention. It was that the bosses would make Lowden the runner-up, holding Harding in reserve. Then that Senator Boies Penrose, most potent of bosses in the Grand Old Party, would throw the Pennsylvania delegation into the scale for Harding, if, at the critical moment, the evidence should leave any doubt as to Lowden's acceptability. The bosses, I am assured, would at all costs have stopped the stampede for General Wood, which was being attempted in the heat and fatigue of the fourth day's sitting.

It is scandalous that the Plumage Bill Committee was again unable to form a quorum on Tuesday. The Committee consists of over sixty members. Each one except the half-dozen traders' representatives (always there) has received an appeal to be present before each sitting, and Mr. Montagu has been present every time and Mr. Bridgeman of the Board of Trade every time but once. Yet, with this example, some of the worst defaulters are those whose names are on the Bill. The reason, of course, was that Ascot made a far more pressing call upon M.P.s than the country's business. Time is the only serious enemy of the Bill, and it is a biting reflection upon the slackness and selfishness of Parliament that the effort to stop the wickedness of the Plumage Trade should thus be imperilled by the very men who approve of stopping it.

THE world was shut of a picturesque ruffian when Essad quitted it. Some of his career was unprintable; but it was not dull. Those who know the Albanians well invariably give astonished pre-eminence to the intellectual quality of their ablest men. They learn anything, down to the most refined and intricate of our civilized arts. Essad was not of this type. He knew no tongue but his own, and his primitive savagery never went beyond feats of tribal leadership, or games of corruption. He defended Scutari with skill against the Montenegrins, and then betrayed it to them. He was of magnificent physique; and his mind was quick enough when it came to throwing over one side and making tracks for another. Thus he was first a partizan of Italy; later of France, where he met his end.

"Did you see in the newspaper lately," writes an Irishman to me, "that a donkey tripped over a hive of bees, and was stung to death?"

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### NATURE'S VETO ON WAR.

"In general terms, Nature's method of organic evolution is the elimination of unfit variations, the selection of fit variations, and this as a formula remains for us—perhaps the greatest lesson that Nature teaches. The modes of selection differ widely, though the logic of the process is always the same. We submit, therefore, that in social progress we have not to combat Nature's method, but to follow it, and that we do so every time that we favor the virtuous and thwart the vicious, every time that we reject an ugly product and choose a beautiful one, every time that we vote against militarism and make for peace. It is our prerogative to select those forms of struggle which seem most likely to favor the survival of our human ideals."—*The Regius Professor of Natural History in Aberdeen University.*

ANYBODY who read the quotations on the nature of future warfare in THE NATION of three weeks ago must have put to himself the question—do we live in a rational universe or a madhouse? Let us try and see which. When it suits our superiority, we say that we have "conquered Nature"; when we seek an endorsement of our own crimes we put the blame on her and justify ourselves as executors of her general and ineluctable law. We think nothing of tearing great rents in the delicate fabric of the web of life, but when the German professors underline the biological sanction of war, we applaud and prepare to exterminate ourselves and others out of filial obedience to the outraged mother. This sanction, of course, has arisen out of a special interpretation put upon the struggle for existence.

It is an extraordinary result of the human capacity for ignoring facts and inventing generalizations that up to a few years ago two mutually contradictory theories of the significance of life ruled the minds of men. One view, the Rousseauesque view, painted Nature *couleur de rose*, where love, peace, and harmony dwell together as the three Graces of Arcadia—the dolorous world of the Lotus, where fear is as dead as hope, where effort, conflict, movement and aspiration are stilled in the smile of arrested life—a fixed smile and, in Blake's opinion, uncommonly like a demon's grin. The other view, the Huxley-Haeckel view, which postulates war as a necessity for survival purposes, gazes upon encarnined Nature as a monstrous slaughter-house, orchestrated by the shrieks of the victims and the snarls of the victors.

Surely there is a way out of theatrical notions which give the lie to evolution on the one hand and to any kind of meaning, purpose, and value in it on the other. And a middle way which relates facts to concepts is not an irrational guide. What, then, is the struggle for existence? In the first place, it is obviously a verbal formula for expressing a sum-total of correlated facts, and words, as Hobbes said, "are wise men's counters. They do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools." How terribly have we been the martyrs of words! The struggle for existence means no more than the "clash of life against its environing difficulties and limitations," an expression of the will to live, or as Professor Thomson puts it, "an endeavor after well-being." Naturally, this endeavor takes complex forms, some aggressive, some altruistic, but the process is invariably the same. A demand is made upon a living organism for a variation or mutation to meet changes in the conditions of its environment. If no response is made, the species to which the organism belongs either perishes in the course of generations—in other words fails to transmit a thriving posterity—or,

like the little kiwi of New Zealand, the Australian marsupials, the king-crab and so on, it simply stays uninvolved in insulation.

If, again, the variation is injurious to the general stability and prosperity of the species, it is discouraged by Natural Selection; if beneficial, it is perfected into an instinct and mechanized to prepare the way for new and more intelligent variations, themselves to be acted upon by the sifting or pruning agency of Natural Selection. Thus Nature is a kind of storehouse of developing experience. But the competition between different species or individuals of the same species when the food and population questions are acute, is an unquestionable fact. Granted, but how does it operate? Now in the answer to this question lies the whole interest and significance of evolution. In the Palaeozoic and Secondary periods the battle was to the strong and the predaceous, not because ferocity is a natural characteristic of animals, but because it was necessary for asserting the will to live. But in the course of ages and as the self-assertion of animals, and the responsiveness to stimuli developed by it, succeeded in maintaining the continuity of life, other and less crude factors began to appear. Nature began to settle her survival problems by negotiation and strategy. Success began to go as much by parrying as by striking. One species learned how to survive by lying low; another by paying increased attention to the nurture of the young; others extricated themselves from the battlefields by various contrivances and methods of circumvention such as migration; others again learned the wonderful lesson of how to combine for mutual aid and defence.

All these devices were favored and set upon the road of the future by Natural Selection and from such tentative beginnings have developed all our intricate conceptions of ethics and society. It was not, a fine saying runs, man who made society, but society man. In the meantime, the conditions attending the actual competition between species began to be more and more varied and complex. Death that was the price of failure fell not so much upon the mature adult with its fully developed powers of resistance or evasion as upon the assentient young (which is no waste, since they go to feed other life and of no danger to the continuity of the species, since this mortality is balanced by increased productivity) and upon the weakly, whose laggard and deficient life is a burden to themselves and a danger to the community. Thus the elimination of hawks in game-preserving defeats its own ends through the surviving sickly individuals contaminating and killing off the healthy thousands, where the hawks killed off their weakling tens. It is our wanton interference with the balance of Nature which is responsible for grouse disease. Death again was instantaneous, a shock like the banging of a door, through the power, speed and offensive adaptation of the slayer perfected to do their office with the maximum of efficiency through thousands of years. The struggle again brightened the faculties of animals and keyed them up to the fullest intensity of living. Pain and suffering in animal life are Nature jogging at the animal's elbow—"Come, bestir yourself, or you are lost." And so on.

But it is the development of co-operation in natural life which more nearly concerns us. We do not need to theorize over it. The fact is that an infinitely larger number of species which knew how to form communities survives to-day than species which do not. The fact is that the linnet, gregarious even in the breeding season and perhaps the gentlest and mildest organism in the whole of the animal creation, survives "in widest com-

monalty spread," while the sabre-toothed tiger, with its enormously extended canines, sleeps for ever in the vaults of the British Museum. Kropotkin did not exaggerate when he said that "sociability appears as the chief factor in evolution." That co-operation both in animal and primitive man was the direct result of aggression makes no difference. In the earlier stages both were necessary to life and were in no way antagonistic, until the waxing of the one quality spelt the waning of the other. The evolution of love, as Henry Drummond says, is pure science.

How, then, does war square with these biological values? In the first place, we must remember that human communities have superseded Natural Selection without replacing it by any rational system of social or artificial selection. Very well, but we cannot at the same time justify war by Natural Selection. But leaving that, we are at once confronted by an overwhelming array of opposites. In Nature, assertiveness was a device for co-operation; by war we make co-operation a device for assertiveness. The natural web of life is an "uninterrupted series of reciprocities"; modern war violently interrupts them with utterly chaotic results. The struggle for existence in the natural world secures "the maximum of life with the minimum of pain and suffering"; modern war secures precisely the reverse. Modern war evolves by intensive armament; in Nature, as we see by the study of extinct forms, the most heavily armored are the oldest stocks. Even the best armed of modern raptures—say, the harpy eagle—would stand no chance against the extinct *Phororacrus*; and the shark with its dagger-arsenal dates back as early as Silurian, representatives of the family in Miocene strata being found a hundred feet long. Evolution by variation and Natural Selection is an orderly, balanced and interdependent sequence of being from becoming; disorder, separation and the break-up of continuity are paraphrases of war. Nature is beautiful, war is hideous; Nature is life, war is death, and so on in tedious iteration.

But the main thing is inheritance. If we were to ask ourselves what Nature cared about more than anything else and apart from all ethical and metaphysical problems, there could only be one answer—good stock, the survival of the fittest to the given conditions, and the elimination of the less fit. And if there is anything that can be dogmatized about war without controversy, it is that it replaces good stock by bad stock. It is an appallingly efficient flower-killer. It is now generally agreed that war was the cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire, because it rooted out the best men. There were plenty of people, but Rome perished for want of men. A nation dies of lack of men. War, as our greatest zoologist says, "impoverishes the breed, since the character of the breed depends on the men who are left." The emancipation from Natural Selection, he says, "exposes our race to the gravest risk of retrogression" and "the question arises" (this was written before the war) "whether it is not in great part pre-occupation with militarism that is responsible for our national misery." It has been calculated that if he set his mind to it, man could abolish all contagious diseases—the inevitable aftermath of war—in fifty years. But he prefers war, the greatest instrument for the survival of the human and animal parasite ever invented. In spite of every law, physical or divine, he prefers war. Nature, at any rate, will wash her hands of him. Adhere to, proceeds the professorial scripture, and increase those forms of selection "which make for the survival of beautiful and healthful surroundings, educative and wholesome occupations, sane and progressive men and women," and we are complying



with "the fundamental categories of biology—Environment, Function and Organism"—and "are returning to Nature's method on a higher turn of the spiral." What puts the veto upon war—war upon men, war upon animals—is plain biological truth. For by persisting in war, we are replacing the higher by the lower organisms.

### THE RETURN TO PORT.

THE houses of Canning Town ended there. It was still raining. The broken surface of the road was set with mirrors of water. The vagrant mirrors appeared to give more light to the thoroughfare than the sky. The white gates of a railway crossing blocked the road while a locomotive, lopsided and monstrous, hauled across it a length of complaining and reluctant wagons. Beyond the railway gloom was bulked. That gloom was not the nature of the weather. It was part of the place. There was little relief in that darkness to give it form, and only the rigid lines of its summit showed the gloom to be warehouses. Waiting because the wagons were going across was a van laden with packages port-marked for Batavia and Malacca.

Java and the East! Groups of listless men shrank from the drizzle against walls, waiting for a call to work, and too wet now to make shelter worth while. What had the sun and the sea to do with these men? But the littoral of a great port, dun, ugly, and despondent, might be farther from the sea than its inland parishes. There the ships are, but who would believe them? Their rusty plates, the dried salt blotching a funnel, the empty falls from which a lifeboat vanished on the voyage in, a wrecked navigation bridge, they all are part of the improbable tale, more reasons for not believing it. The top-masts and smoke-stacks are inextricably imprisoned among railway junctions and sidings, swing bridges, grain elevators, soap and manure works, and warehouses. There is no direct approach to the most outstanding landmark. It is elusive, always in the distance, but rarely in the same direction, changing its position to avoid you and placing obstacles in the way. A road pretends it will take you to it, but after a mile of mud and crude smells it swerves till your object is behind you. A by-path then seems to offer assistance, but ends in a pungent smudge by a ditch where some Lascars are burning rubbish. The next chance is a railway crossing, but that way fails when it gets as far as warm sickliness by the gates of a sugar refinery. And all these great buildings you pass are secluded and isolated, and their gates are shut. They are full of deep rumblings. They are sad with neglect. They might be forbidden mysteries. The noises within them are subdued, continuous, inhuman, and unaccountable.

When at last you happen on the right path, then the long section of it for which you have immediate need is laid parallel with an opposite shore of a dock, for a swing bridge is open, and a steamer is moving out—so they say—though it is clear she is but backing towards a lower barricade of shapeless structures. There is no way out.

There is no sea here. There is no way to it here. There is nothing but gloom and mechanic toil unrelated to any purpose. There are no memories. Only the fields are aged and bald. Progress, having thrown up the clay elsewhere and stacked it into rows of grey boxes, goes on a little further to turn the ditches black, and the fields into raw areas that change with the seasons from dust to mud. Skeletons of poisoned trees line the ditches;

and into the fields, as an earnest into its near future, progress throws its dead dogs, old hardware, and broken mattresses.

Separated from the docks by the maze of a railway junction is a building, neat and new, where the State, to give some value to the life which circulates with the ships, separates it into names on its registers. There we may read—perhaps unbelievably, for it is easier to suppose that men dissolve into namelessness in such a confusion of gloom and unpurposed movement—that "Mahommed Ali, stoker, ss. 'Bellona,' died of beri-beri at Mossamedes," or that "John Smith, deckhand, was lost overboard from ss. 'Madura,' 55° 30' W., and 40° 3' N." They signed the articles of their ships here, and this is the tally. If a man does not return, then he must be accounted for, if by only a shirt and a razor, properly labelled and attested by an officer of his ship. The relics go into the cellar of these offices, and there they lie hidden until, from the outer welter and apathy, a friendly voice comes to recognize them.

As a rule they lie there till the Jews and marine store dealers arrive. For the sailor, after all, is akin to this region, in spite of the careful registers; he is so often a friendless nomad, a casual mote in the hurry of large and sporadic affairs, whose disappearance, of course, would not be noticed. But something legal must be done with his surviving shirt, for that is property. The cellar grows full of the gear of such men; it begins to mildew, and then an official calls up the vultures.

The large bare room on an auction day has a barrier of wooden forms piled across the middle of it. On one side are the buyers, and with them, drawn by curiosity, some seamen with that sardonic look which is assumed as a protection by men who are poor and sad and who feel they have no right, perhaps, to be present, as they have no money. Their melancholy masks may harden with the instinctive desire for a bargain, when first a "lot" is shown; but when the mess-kit, dungarees, reel of cotton, muffler, and bar of soap, drop in a congested lump to the floor, they back out of it at once, as though that thud had scared them.

There are many "lots." There are the meagre and grimy bundles and bolsters of the seamen and firemen, and boxes and leather trunks. They are heaped and strewn in the usual way of lumber which is being cleared. The auctioneer calls a number, glances sideways as the attendant pulls that item apart, and chants the details. An official is near to seize any letters or photographs. The room is chilly and damp. There is nothing much to be heard but the shuffling of feet and the drumming of the rain on the glass skylight. The frowning bidders might be appraising the unknown in the terms of the currency, and merely by glances at the trousers and slippers—sixpence for the last man, whoever he was.

"Lot 8." An attendant, pulling at the stack of boxes and bags, hauls to the front a sailor's bolster. He unties its cord. The silent crowd shuffles forward to see what will come out of it. The compressed contents fall in a lump to the floor. Out of that shapeless spread the attendant drags a pair of crumpled dungaree trousers. A spectacle case falls from a pocket.

The seamen present rarely make a bid. But they make comments now and then. They give the relics a bare glance, and they know the man. A white suit, canvas shoes, a Bible, and a tooth brush. That used to be a steward.

Once the crowd of sailors chuckled. "That was a dandy boy," said one. Yet it was a collection which puzzled them. There was a new and good leather kit-bag, and, like a conjuror, the attendant produced from

it in turn a cigar case, red morocco slippers, a mirror, some linen, a button-hook, and a fan. Then came the usual compression of damp clothes, and from the middle of it an actor's making-up case fell out.

An official went over and carefully examined the articles, footing them apart. He came back. "Not a letter or a photo there," he whispered to me. "I can't make it out. I remember that young fellow signing on. A comedian—he told me. He made a good effort to live up to it. Making a voyage for his health. There was a crowd of jolly good fellows to see him go. Quite a lark. They implored him to remember them—write from every port and all the rest of the nonsense—all that sort of thing. Now nobody will own to him."

You felt, at times, when the stuff thudded on the floor, that you would hear an exclamation from nobody that you could see, a faint protest when an indifferent foot kicked across the room a little thing, valueless to us, that had fallen from a collection. There were no names, but there were curious individual smells, when packets were opened. A damp and musty smell. Another that was faint, sweet, and langorous; the sailors grimaced. It was a relief when one bag was opened and nothing shot out but bars of brown soap.

"Here you are," said the auctioneer, "something to wash you ashore with."

"Didn't wash him ashore," said a sailor quaintly, "or he'd a bin 'ere to claim it."

There were collections which, you felt, should have gone overside with those who once owned them. There was the baggage of a doctor, and it had no one to claim it. Some books scattered over the boards. There had been very few books before this. Books were not wanted. Nobody there would buy them. But now the dealers pressed forward eagerly, for mixed up with fishing tackle, phials and rubber tubing, a handful of briar pipes, little leather cases loaded with strange knives, there were silver mounted articles, a gold watch, and a silk shawl.

"The lady that was bought for won't get it," said a sailor, nodding at the shawl.

A lively interest took us. The attendant trod on the books without looking to see where he was putting his feet, going from dealer to dealer to excite them with trinkets.

The stuff was cleared. The buyers gathered to settle their accounts. The books were left for the room cleaners. One of them lay open, with a mark where a boot-heel had been on it, and I picked up "Tristram Shandy."

## The Drama.

### THE S.S. "TENACITY."

SOME imp of mischief seems to have taken control of the Stage Society, which, having satisfactorily demonstrated that there are no modern English intellectual plays worth producing, is rendering the same service with regard to intellectual plays from the Continent. "The S.S. 'Tenacity,'" given last Sunday at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, appears to hail from France. It is written by Charles Vildrac and translated by Harold Bowen. It is a very short play, and contains some good notions here and there, but its general texture is frail, and its point, if it has one, is obscured in the general scurry of verbal oats which are shaken in at the last moment to atone for the lack of climax. Briefly, the story is that two young men, discharged from the

French army, have decided to seek "freedom" in the wide spaces of Canada. They arrive at a restaurant in a "small seaport," intending to sail in a ship called "Tenacity." The ship's boiler is damaged, however, and the sailing is postponed for a fortnight. The two men are compelled to stay at the restaurant while they wait. The weaker of them falls in love with the waitress there; the stronger determines upon her seduction. The seduction takes place; but the seducer is trapped in his own net, and loves her passionately, so that he abruptly abandons the Canadian adventure and runs away with the girl. His companion, bereft of everything he has loved, forlornly continues his journey to the West. That is the story. A drunken wiseacre tries to tell the audience what the play is about by dividing men into three classes: those who are like corks, drifting with the current; those who are like weathercocks, stable until the wind changes; and those who are alternately corks and weathercocks. To the first class, he says, belongs the deserted young man, to the second seduced-seducer, and to the third himself.

From this profound analysis of human character we infer that the author is himself by way of being a cork, because his play drifts into nothing by a series of trivial and inexplicable happenings. But, on the other hand, he may be a weathercock, whose play has started with one aim and has changed as often as the wind of his impulses has changed. He is either a cork or a weathercock. Stability of scene there is; stability even of title; but consistency of theme and development there is none, and of character so little that one is puzzled to imagine why any of the persons act as they do. Hence the divisions into corks and weathercocks. Assuming that there are five characters, two must be dismissed as mere human noises—the drunkard and the restaurant keeper—since neither has any part in the play, except to utter platitudes, or to extort information needed for the tepid succession of events. The remaining three are the two young travellers and the girl who so summarily (without convincing reason other than her sex) wins the hearts of her lovers. She is not, as far as one can see, a coquette; she has not had "a young man," she says, since "last summer," when he was stationed in the town. As played by Miss Nell Carter, she is a refined girl of domestic impulses, not likely, even after champagne, to yield to whispered entreaties with the stipulation that her moral collapse shall be kept secret. One assumes her to be a virgin, and in that case, for a girl whose training in the restaurant must have been such as to harden her and to make her aware of the likely consequences of submission, her conquest is incredibly easy. Moreover, her young men, as played by Messrs. Basil Sydney and J. H. Roberts, are equally innocent, without either lusts or mental conceptions. They are both corks drifting with the current; but not very interesting corks, for they have no buoyancy. They are more like insignificant sticks, floating half-submerged upon the surface of life. The passionate issue of the play is therefore unmoving and a matter of indifference to the beholder.

Possibly the slowness of the whole performance, the paralysed bones of the actors and their painfully articulated speech, were responsible for some of my increasing sense of the play's feebleness. Nobody moved. Mr. Franklin Dyall, as the drunkard, was the most convincing personage, largely because his gestures were free and his voice expressive. The others played like stage curates, with downcast eyes, eternally pausing, poor little anemic figures in the bare scene, not human, not lovely, not characteristic—just noisemaking automata. Impossible to think that these limp creatures could love passionately. Impossible to believe that what we saw before us was passionate love. If Thérèse, when Bastien whispered, had said "Don't be silly!" there need never have been a seduction at all. I am sure he would have gone to bed like a lamb, in spite of his two glasses of ginger ale.

Even with all its sluggishness, "The S.S. 'Tenacity'" did not last much above an hour and three-quarters (including two long intervals). Its slightness is therefore obvious. But drawn out to extraordinary

tenuity by its funeral pace the play became a cause of real impatience. It might in that time, played faster, have held so much more. It might have been so much more vivid, so much more illuminating, with its theme unchanged, if only there had been more knowledge of life and character behind it. But one is compelled to take a play as it is presented, and it is therefore clear that the imp of mischief which is busy showing us how sterile throughout Europe is the dramatic impulse close wickedly and well in provoking the Stage Society into the production of "The S.S. 'Tenacity.'"

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Art.

### FORAIN.

THERE are disadvantages in being an Englishman; less, I think, than those involved by belonging to any other nation, but serious and real. I am, at this moment, inclined to reckon as the chief among them that it is inconceivable that an artist like Forain should flourish among us. Having said so much, I prepare, like the good sea-captains in the story-books, to receive boarders.

Why, may I ask, says the suavest among them, is a Forain inconceivable in England? Are you one of those, demands a more brutal buccaneer, who are always defiling their own nest in matters artistic? Indeed, I am not. I do believe that the general level of French painting is higher than that of English; moreover, that there are good reasons why this should be so. But Forain, who is a great artist, does not seem to me inconceivable in England because he is a great artist. He is impossible in much the same sense as the "Figaro," in which so many of his finest drawings appeared, is impossible in England.

No daily newspaper in England has ever published drawings of the quality of Forain's. Still one might. Perhaps if Lord Northcliffe were to put his back into the task, he might manage to impose as good an artist as Forain on the English public. But he would never try to impose a Forain, any more than he would try to run an Anatole France as a serial. He might, quite conceivably, manage to impose satirists far more savage than either of these.

To pass muster, an Englishman, and *a fortiori* an English artist, has to accept something. It is best for him if he accepts the Englishman himself—the English gentleman as God made him. But he may do quite well if he accepts the under-dog. What is essential is that he should idealize somebody or something representative. He must see black and white, sheep and goats; not grey, or the goat-sheep of the Andes. So with the English caricaturist: if he makes Mr. George comic, he must make Mr. Asquith dignified; if he represents Capital with a gross belly and a diamond-studded watch-chain, Labor must look like the Hermes of Praxiteles; if he is comic about everybody, then he must be kindly about everybody. The philosophic man of the world would say that Englishmen have a pathetic hunger to believe in something; but in England we do not like philosophers, who are also men of the world. Besides, there never have been any. Those who pretend to this magnificent detachment in England always are persuaded that they are unique exceptions to the general rule. Their hunger to believe that they are is not at all pathetic; it is not a hunger at all. With us the man who denounces everybody is always self-righteous; we do well to have no truck with him.

Forain believes in himself no more than he believes in anybody else. The thing he accepts is precisely the thing that will not go down here, namely, life. To see everything more or less as it really is, is an uncongenial habit of mind among us; after all, it is decidedly impractical, leading in the English temperament to inhibitions and hesitations of a most fatal kind. About the last thing that would occur to the student of Forain or the reader of Anatole France would be to set about patching

up the world that had been represented to him; their work respires a curious atmosphere of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Probably what we find in him is *le fond gaulois*, that irreducible atom of national essence which gives to all the most characteristic manifestations of the French genius their durable tang, something which Forain has in common with all those men whom we recall to the mind when we try to isolate the specifically French contribution to the European mind—Villon, Voltaire, Stendhal, Remy de Gourmont. It is more than an attitude of soul; it is an attitude reinforced, implacably defined by the sparseness of expression, an attitude which has indeed no magic of suggestion, but no frayed edges, in which the definition and sharpness of outline are almost superhuman. In the perfection of the expression we seem to be ever so slightly aware of a sense of strain, as though we felt that the string which gave out a sound so incredibly clear must of necessity be on the point of snapping. These typical Frenchmen are somehow at bay in the world, pitting personality against reality. We are conscious, with a little alarm in our consciousness, that they have made an instrument of themselves: through their work we are always aware of the seeing eye, of a hard, brilliant, infinitesimal point that moves unrelentingly among our human concerns. Their books never give one that comfortable feeling of having written themselves, nor their drawings of having drawn themselves.

One might search in vain through all the magnificent collection of Forain etchings at Messrs. Colnaghi's for a trace of sentimental bias. If in the *cabinet particulier*—a favorite theme of Forain's—the *gros bourgeois* is made to stand and deliver by an eye, the *petite femme* suffers under the same summons. It is the same in the remarkable series of scenes from the New Testament, save in one conspicuous instance where a reminiscence of the traditional representation of the Man of Sorrows has interposed; but that is the only vestige of idealization in the series. The Life of Christ is for Forain a nexus of incidents of the same quality as those which he has watched and studied for so long in his familiar hunting-ground, the Palais de Justice. I listened to two old ladies in front of one discussing whether it was irreverent; they decided, very laudably, that it was not. Yet that was precisely what it was. Irreverent in the true sense of the word; not revealing, as so many so-called irreverent pictures and writings do, the author's fear of that which he affects to despise, but revealing a mind to which reverence was an unknown attitude. Nevertheless, the old ladies were right on the main issue; the etchings contain nothing that could give offence to a properly constituted human being. There is no forced intention, no desire to shock or surprise, no "stunt" of any kind in them; the incidents of the life of Christ are simply given the texture of life as Forain knows it, and he knows it better than any living artist.

The immediacy of the impression he produces is singular. In "Avant le Repas à Emmaus" (No. 34), for instance, you may possibly notice that one of the Disciples is exactly like a waiter in a small French restaurant with his pile of plates and his big napkin, that Christ and the other two are sitting round the table on common French rush chairs for all the world like any three French workmen waiting patiently in their blouses for their dinner. You may possibly notice these things; but on the whole the chances are that you will not; or at least that you will only remark them with surprise long after the etching has made its own effect upon you. Now if an English painter were to try the same trick, precisely because in his case it would be a trick, you would be up in arms and acute awareness on the instant; you would smell all the patient labor of an inverted imagination, and resent the obvious determination to be realistic. Forain is not realistic; he is real. You say, "Yes, that's what it was like"; and, as a matter of fact, you recognize the subject without looking at the catalogue or the inscription. Why you do that is a curious question, hard to answer. Perhaps it is that this scene of waiting for supper is a little more real to you than any you have ever seen; your mind instantly



flies to the most important suppers you have ever heard of, and chooses the one which will fit. It may be simpler; there may, after all, be a suggestion of the traditional Christ in one of the figures. It is not easy to find it.

What Forain is preoccupied with rendering is his sense, his vision of life. He has evolved a perfect technique for the task. The economy of his finest etchings and drawings is supreme. "Le Gros Cigare" (No. 62), or, more remarkable still, "Le Repos du Modèle" (No. 70) are almost miraculously complete statements of relations between human beings; almost miraculously, because with less swiftness of hand they would have been impossible, and no modern hand can compare with Forain's in swiftness. He can give you that fine bloom of an incident which passes quicker than a rainbow. It is, if you like, literary art; but there is no doubt that it is art. And art that is intensely preoccupied with life in the directest and most comprehensible way, has a trick of lasting, even though it may not be *de rigueur* nowadays; apparently it also has a trick of making for the highest technical excellence. I am at least sufficiently in agreement with Mr. Campbell Dodgson to take his word for it that Forain, who neglected etching for more than twenty years and etched the vast majority of the plates at Messrs. Colnaghi's in quick succession in two years (1908-10), has accomplished "an *œuvre* more varied and impressive than that of any other living etcher."

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE ECLIPSE OF NONCONFORMITY.

SIR,—Your correspondent's gravely damaging but one-sided attack on Nonconformity cannot fail to arouse keen searching of heart. It will also provoke righteous resentment and the counter-charge of gross unfairness.

On myself as a Nonconformist minister it leaves a painful and humiliating impression. I share his irritated sense of disillusion; I agree that the idealistic remnant in the Free Churches is almost heartbroken at the lack of heroic and enlightened leadership: I believe Nonconformity is dying at its roots and visibly wilting away. But I do not believe that F. A. A., for all the true and finely passionate things he has said, has quite succeeded in diagnosing the disease. I shall not be so presumptuous as to pretend that I can succeed where he has failed. At your invitation only do I offer my views, and if they are to be of any value to your readers I must speak, as I know you would wish me to speak, with all the freedom and detachment I would desire.

If we are to go out in search for scapegoats to expiate the war and its later effects, we must not restrict our seeking to Nonconformity. Nor must we think we can wash our hands of bloodstains acquired in 1914 by talking against war and its infamy in 1920. "Something," says F. A. A., "is surely due to the gallant youths who with undefiled ideals, thought they were sacrificing their lives to end war for ever." The first thing due to them is to try to see the stark issues somewhat as they saw them. If Germany were to-day in occupation of this country, insolently secure with a thousand years' lease for the Imperial domination of the whole *orbis terrarum*, we should not be quite so angry, perhaps, with each other for having fought Prussianism and failed. It would be our last rag of honor wherewith to hide the nakedness of our defeat. So trivial a reflection may help us now to concentrate our wrath on the fact, not that we won the war, but that we lost the nobler peace. But we lost, not because Nonconformity merely was morally spiritless, but because Anglicanism, Romanism, Agnosticism, Laborism, this humanity of ours, was morally poorer stuff than some of us, dreamers of dreams, had had courage to believe. And surely the first condition of a return to honesty and goodwill is a penitent recognition that we cannot afford

to throw stones at each other; that the guilt for these post-war infamies is so overwhelmingly general as almost to submerge the particular distinctions.

Your correspondent is coming nearer the heart of the matter when he mentions the League of Nations. "In the House of Commons arrogant, hard-faced men, flushed with wine, laugh at it." Perhaps; but all the faces "flushed with wine" are surely not Nonconformist faces. Has not Nonconformity hitherto been reproached with a Puritan prejudice in favor of abstinence? The "Saturday Review" asks "what have they to do with a strange, monk-like figure" [Lord Robert Cecil] talking passionately about Christianity? Here we are at the centre. Why do men laugh at the League of Nations? Because they have first learned to laugh at the one enduring inspiration and consolidating power of such a League. They laugh at an economic internationalism precisely because they have no real reverence for the Idea of a moral and spiritual Internationalism—Catholicism, which through all its awful sins and abuses has preserved this Idea for our bewildered race.

Nonconformity fails to-day not because it is actually more wicked or worldly than other forms of Christianity; and Romanism succeeds to-day not because it is actually less wicked or worldly, but because one does *not* and the other *does* represent and embody an Idea of Human Solidarity, a spiritual Internationalism and Supernationalism. Nonconformity has doomed itself as a faith by its Protestant individualism and by its insular nationalism. Anglicanism, of the ordinary Church of England type, is similarly doomed and shows its vitality only in its Catholic developments; and here with a disconcerting disregard for distinctions of enlightened and obscurantist. It is, to a Liberal like myself, disturbing to see that the principle of lifewardness, at the moment, so exclusively the Catholic one. I cannot believe that this will remain so. There will arise gradually a differentiation between types of Catholicism; and the vigor and value of the Free Church life may prove again that it has an essential moral and religious "fitness" to survive. But, meanwhile, its individualism, with its consequent and related æsthetic and sacramental defects, makes it turn away from Catholicism and choose the way of death. Its young men and women of crusading chivalry merge themselves in the ranks of revolutionary Labor. Some of these, and others not of these, enter historic Catholicism, even at the cost of having to accept a discipline which, in the intellectual sphere, is the equivalent of the Militarism which we want to destroy. But they find here, in the ancient form of the faith, as they think, the only surviving shrine of the one world-transcending yet world-redeeming vision that can inspire and sustain sacrificial and joyous passion for that Great Society—"the noble living and the noble dead."

The salvation of Nonconformity as an organ of modern Christianity will not come by adopting for itself a political programme however idealistic. That is beginning at the wrong end. It will find an idealistic political programme only when it recovers the Catholic Faith and combines with it its own magnificent tradition of Freedom.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

The Old Meeting Church, Birmingham.

SIR,—You draw my attention to the brilliant letter of your correspondent "F. A. A." and you ask for my views on it. I admit the truth and justice of all he says, and deplore the divisions and cross currents among the Free Churches which prevent them from uttering a Bull or an Encyclical, such as the Pope can issue, or such as Canterbury, with so great effect, occasionally presents to the country.

I do not know who the "leaders" are whose apathy and timidity profoundly disturb the young and ardent spirits. Does the writer mean Dr. Clifford, Dr. Meyer, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Orchard? I do not think that apathy and timidity can be charged against these, who are the accepted leaders of Nonconformity to-day; but it can truly be said that they lead in different directions, and there is no one to lead them.

But without criticizing our leaders, may I mention what we are doing at Lyndhurst Road, as a suggestion and encouragement for the Free Churches? Our boys returning from the war were determined to bring the Church into touch

with the needs of the time. They formed, therefore, a *Christian League of Social Reconstruction*. After my monthly lecture they hold a Conference to discuss the subject. I take such subjects as "The League of Nations," "Capitalism," "Socialism in the Light of Christ," "Revolution." The Conference is quite open; but a speaker is invited to introduce the question who is an expert on the subject. The result is that the young men in good numbers have joined the League of Nations Union, and are eager to advance that cause. They have formed a Committee to deal with the housing problem in our own neighborhood. They are consolidating the thought and power of the Church, to act in matters of social and national importance.

I venture to suggest that every Church should work on similar lines. The men who have been in the war are, in the main, bent on making a new England; and many of them have the sense to see that the Church is the instrument ready to their hands, charged with the spiritual forces which can do what mere political idealism cannot.

I propose that all Churches of any denomination that are ready to act in this way should draw together in an active union, and before long hold a united Conference or Assembly to consider how the work may be carried out, until the whole Church in this country is alive to the practical demands of the time, steadily supporting the League of Nations, offering the substitute for militarism, and furthering the process of industrial reconstruction which is now well on the way.

I am sorry for the leaders of the Free Churches; they are confronted with the scorn of the world, and the disloyalty of their followers. They are not appointed by the Churches; they come to the front by a gift of speech, which by no means implies a gift of action; they are quickly discarded if their speech ceases to be pungent and amusing. Their period of popularity is exploited by the religious newspapers. But if they are only wise and practical and devoted, no one listens to them or notices them. They are reviled for the powerlessness which is inherent in all democratic leaders.

Let us not depend too much on men in so difficult a position; let us cease to reproach them for failures which they themselves are ever deploring. But let every man in his own Church set out to do what he thinks the Catholic Church should do, and the power will rise, as so often before, from a movement among the people, which may perhaps some day evoke a Leader.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT F. HORTON.

Hampstead.

SIR,—There is no doubt a great deal of truth in the indictment of F. A. A., but it is not the whole truth. The Free Churches are sharing in the general spiritual decline and unrest. They reacted badly to the war, but they are beginning to recover from it, and are neither afraid nor dismayed. It has never been their habit to trust in numbers, money, social influence, or political power. They lack leaders, but so do all good causes just now, and at heart they are thoroughly sound. Those who look to them for spectacular effects and successful worldly policies will always be disappointed. That is not their way, and they have meat to eat that the world knows not of; on the great issues of the hour they speak with no uncertain voice.

They are whole-heartedly in favor of the League of Nations, and utterly opposed to militarism. They are working hard for social justice, and for better international relations, and they are determined to find some way of applying Christian principles to public affairs. It is true that they are inarticulate, and that they do not make themselves felt in the counsels of the nation as they might do and as they ought to do. One reason for this is that they are divided among themselves. The younger men are in advance of the older, and have latterly cut themselves loose from the dissidence of dissent and from the type of Nonconformity which lives on negations. But the older men are in the saddle, and the driving is therefore slow and erratic. One must be patient, however, and realize that in democratic communities changes do not come about rapidly.

If we take long views and judge by the centuries rather than by the hours, we shall have no doubts as to the direction in which things are moving. The old smug, middle-class

type of Nonconformity is dead. The modern type is more really religious and far more sensitive to moral issues. No war in the past has ever caused such searching of heart among religious people as the recent one, and that, at least, is all to the good.

But there is no room for complacency. The needs of the hour are clamant, but they are acknowledged. The greatest of them is religious education. In the pulpit and in the schools Christianity must be taught as it never has been yet, and its implications brought home. If the Churches neglect this duty, and suffer their jealousies to stand in the way of it, they will deserve to perish.

Another crying need is for greater unity, and the fact that the scandal of our divisions is now generally lamented is a sign of hope. We are a long way yet from giving practical effect to any of the many schemes for corporate union which have been proposed, but short of that there is much that may be accomplished in the way of better understanding and mutual co-operation. Among the Free Churches it is imperative that something effective should be done to end the rivalry and overlapping that prevail in so many places. Further, the Churches need to get rid of their class-consciousness and recover the missionary and evangelistic spirit. The greatest hope for the future lies in the foreign mission field, and the way in which all the Churches have faced and met the situation there is the best possible evidence of their vitality. Why cannot they show at home something of the energy, self-sacrifice, and unity which distinguish their work abroad? This will only come about by a renewal of their inner life, and I, for one, believe that it has already begun.—Yours, &c.,

W. B. SELBIE.

SIR,—“F.A.A.” in THE NATION of June 12th, frames an unanswerable indictment against Nonconformity. As a Nonconformist, I confess with humiliation that the Free Churches are usually, but not universally, without vitality and vision to-day. To many it has become a burden to stay and work in their orbit. Many answer in the negative the question: Is it worth while to give any longer time, strength, money and effort in their work? But to be quite fair, these points should be remembered:—

(1) The eclipse of Nonconformity (by which “F.A.A.” means the Free Churches) is an eclipse of vital Christianity experienced by all Christian Churches (except the Quakers, who do not, strictly speaking, form “a Church”); and Church of England, Roman Catholicism, the Scottish Presbyterians, even the Salvation Army, are all to be equally included in the indictment. One asks, Is Christianity played out?

(2) The instances adduced by “F.A.A.” in his case against Nonconformity are against the Baptist and Congregational Unions, organizations run by worthy elderly men, conservative and cautious, very considerate towards property and position, following orthodoxy of doctrine, society, and method. But all Churches, especially after the war has taken away the younger men, are in this alike. In the Free Churches there are probably more men of vitality and vision, courage, and burning conscience than elsewhere. They will emerge.

(3) The Labor Movement is for very many a real religious movement, largely recruited from, and taking the forms of, Nonconformity (Sunday schools, hymns, &c.); and the Labor leaders are very largely men brought up in, or still working with, the Free Churches. In this respect the British Labor Movement contrasts with the Labor Movement abroad, and is naturally taking up the mantle which prim Nonconformity has dropped.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH KING.

Witley. June 14th, 1920.

#### THE ROUMANIANS.

SIR,—“Wayfarer” is at liberty to describe the Roumanians as one of the meanest of “European nationalities”—I do not wish to deal in adjectives, but in facts.

As the official representative of Roumania in this country, I would like to draw the attention of your readers to the following statement.

All the requisitions of the Roumanian army in Hungary have been paid for at a price from five to twelve times higher

than that paid by the German and Austro-Hungarian armies occupation of Roumania. We have claimed about 80,000 heads of cattle from Hungary, 5,000,000 heads of cattle were requisitioned in Roumania during the war.

The Hungarian ruling caste was the most autocratic in Europe, combining, in a manner of which "Wayfarer" would strongly disapprove, the Prussian with the Medieval. That the transformation of a monarchy into a republic is not necessarily a change from black to white, is unanswerably demonstrated by the report of the Labor mission recently returned from Hungary.—Yours, &c.,

ANTOINETTE BIBESCO.

(Roumanian Chargé d'Affaires.)

June 14th, 1920.

#### WHAT YOUNG INDIA THINKS.

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest your comments, during the past few weeks, about the present political situation in India. Your attitude is exactly what any unselfish and honorable Britisher would take in the light of recent events and disclosures. Nevertheless, I feel constrained to write the following to supplement your views, and also to let the British public have an idea as to what the Indian feels about it all. I hope, sir, you will be kind enough to give me the hospitality of your columns, for India being the aggrieved party it is only right that she should be heard.

Being an Indian myself, and with my humble knowledge of my countrymen in this foreign land, I think I can confidently say that what I wish to express represents the opinion of Young India in Britain.

Young Indians have not figured much either on the platform or in the Press, for as the majority of us are students we have not the leisure for such public campaigns. But still, Chelmsfords, Dyers, and O'Dwyers, and even martial law, cannot prevent us from thinking, and British bullets will not keep us from being patriotic to our Motherland. (Patriotism in an Indian, I might mention by the way, is commonly known as sedition in Anglo-India.)

To begin with, British Government in India has been a miserable failure in the sense of its being a government for the benefit of the subjected people. There is very little love lost between the rulers and the ruled; the gulf that separates the Indian from the Briton exists not only on account of the difference of race and color, but also of civilization. There is absolutely no use trying to overlook this fact, and no amount of hypocrisy on either side can bridge this gulf.

But British rule has been a godsend from the European exploiter's point of view. He has not been slow to realize that backed by a bureaucracy composed of his own class there are immense possibilities of making his pile there; India is nothing more than an extensive pasture land where the third-rate Britisher (the class that usually gets there) can wax fat.

India is being drained of her wealth to the tune of several millions of pounds every year, and all that she gets in return is a few more shiploads of soldiers and civilians to protect the rapacious foreign exploiter in his endeavors "to further British interests" in India, and to see that England's flag keeps on flying at the top of the mast.

Of course, the man in the street here does not even dream of what India could possibly think about him, and he would probably be astounded to hear this from an Indian after one hundred and fifty years of benign British rule. And the European who has been out in the East, and boasts at the dinner table or in the smoking room about knowing India and the Indians, generally knows nothing more than the interior of spacious bungalows, resplendent hotels, and first-class railway compartments (specially labelled "Reserved for Europeans"); but the heart of the Indian he neither has the leisure to know nor does he care a rap about; the good of the people and public opinion are mere details which he cannot be bothered with as he spends his days in the Olympian heights of Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, that Forbidden City within whose portals no Indian can enter.

Now, no nation likes to be bossed over and exploited by a foreigner in its own native land, and naturally the Indian protests against being treated as a stranger in his own home. But in India Britain's might is right; the

principle of self-determination for the weaker nations does not apply to peoples under the Union Jack. Therefore, to prevent disturbances Britain has to keep her unruly dependency under severe military subjugation; to prevent the thinking people from expressing or communicating their dangerous ideas to the masses, measures like the Rowlatt Acts are passed; the newspaper is effectively muzzled by the Press Act; as it is in the interests of the ruling race to see that the masses are kept ignorant he denies them primary education; to prevent India from cleansing herself of her plague, and to keep her from rising in protest, and to make her helpless while being bled with impunity, there is the Arms Act and D.O.R.A. to meet the situation; there is also a special branch of the C.I.D., whose tentacles are always hovering over those people (and their name is legion) who dare utter in public or in the Press what every patriotic Indian feels in his very soul: during the past few years several people disappeared from public ken without warning, explanation, or trial.

Of course, in a country like this, seething with "sedition," it would never do to give the higher, more important, and more responsible posts in the State to the sons of the soil. To be an Indian is a disqualification; and in these days of demobilization the mere fact that a Britisher has served in the war is excuse enough to thrust him into one of the Imperial Services in preference to an Indian candidate, even though he be better fitted for the post both by his birth and education.

Now, I ask the thinking part of the British public, in the light of all these facts, how on earth can you expect any Indian to be loyal to Britain and her Union Jack? Does this Government think that in India it can make a people loyal and subservient by repressive legislation and martial law? I hope even military governors and pig-headed generals, who can think only in terms of guns, tanks, and aerial bombs, will see the folly of such a stupid policy.

It certainly is strange that the Briton in India is so deaf as not to hear India say, "Not all the armies of your vast Empire will make India loyal to your King and country if you are fool enough to continue the present régime of political repression, massacre, and cruelty."

Who is to blame if there are hundreds of widowed mothers in the Punjab to-day who when suckling their babes instil into them an undying hatred for those who slew their fathers? Is it strange, then, that British misrule for a century and a half has resulted in nothing but embittering the heart of every Indian more and more towards the foreigner in India?

The vast majority of the British public, no doubt, are in blissful ignorance of what is taking place in a vital part of their Empire. The cry for vengeance that goes up to Heaven from a nation in travail is drowned in the distance that separates India and Britain.

If they only knew the actual conditions prevailing in India, I wonder what the British public and the British Parliament would do; I wonder!—Yours, &c.,

AN EDINBURGH INDIAN.

June 13th, 1920.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL BLOCKADE.

SIR,—In connection with the article in your issue of Saturday last, I should like to bring to your notice the efforts being made by the Anglo-American University Library for Central Europe to supply the intellectual wants of the Continental nations.

I enclose a copy of the preliminary statement in connection with this scheme, but since this was issued in April many developments have taken place.

Professor Everett Skillings has recently returned from a visit to the Continent on behalf of the scheme, and in his report he says he found the people of Germany broken in spirit, and in despair. They are hungering in mind and soul for contact with the intellectual world outside.

The purpose of this scheme is to help countries that have been cut off from English and American thought for the last five years. Professor Skillings visited a dozen university centres and talked with over seventy professors. The scheme was cordially received and appreciated everywhere.

Professor Harnack, of Berlin, assured him that quarters for housing the books would be furnished in the State



Library, and promised to furnish a local staff for administration, and to meet the local expenses. The same offer was made in Vienna and Munich.

Distributing centres have been tentatively arranged for in Berlin, Vienna, Munich and Prague, and offers to provide centres and accommodation and assistance have just been received from the University of Hamburg and the Institute of Economics of the University of Kiel.

The plan will include, in addition to a loan system, gifts of periodicals and books, many offers of which have already been received, and much importance is being given to the mutual exchange of publications and duplicates between universities and libraries of the United Kingdom and America and those of Central Europe. It is realized that in some instances the latter plan will be especially welcomed, as there is no doubt there still exists a natural repugnance to accept anything which savors of charity from us.

Two consignments of literature have already been despatched, one to Berlin and one to Vienna. In addition to the signatures on the printed list, fifty-three other names have recently been received, including several of prominent professors in America. Offers of help and additional supporters are being sent to me daily, and it is hoped that the scheme will be in full working order by the time the higher educational life of Central Europe is resumed after the summer vacation.

I may say that the assistance proffered from abroad includes the opening of a subscription list, to aid the finances of the scheme, which a prominent German professor has headed with a promise of 10,000 marks. Thus there is no question that the university teachers on the Continent are willing to do everything possible to help. The progress of the whole idea has been most satisfactory, and there is not the slightest doubt that with the full-hearted support of the educational world in this country and in America, the most important work in the way of reconciling the intellectual world will be most successfully accomplished.

I enclose a copy of a statement received from Munich which admirably expresses the needs and feelings of the majority of educationists on the Continent. I should be very pleased to give any information by letter or by interview to anyone who is willing to support a noble work on behalf of humanity at large.—Yours, &c.,

B. M. HEADICAR, Hon. Sec.

London. June 3rd, 1920.

#### AN APPEAL.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith, in his speech at the Central Hall, Westminster, on May 18th, emphasized once more the inadequacy of charitable relief to remedy the terrible conditions of disease and famine prevalent in Central and Eastern Europe.

As Sir William Goode, Sir William Beveridge, and others have done, he urged that prompt action should be taken to restore trade and industry. To promote this object he urged the security of an all-round peace, the revision of the Treaties, general reduction of armaments, and the elimination of the Supreme Council in favor of the League of Nations, reinforced by the admission of neutrals, ex-enemies, and Russia. This policy, which was supported by Mr. J. R. Clynes on behalf of Labor, is the policy for which the Fight the Famine Council stands.

It is evident that such a policy can only be carried into effect if actively supported by public opinion. To enlist that support, the spread of information is needed—by meetings, issue of pamphlets, and other methods.

The Fight the Famine Council has succeeded to some extent in making known the facts of the famine, and was amongst the first to advocate important measures which have since been adopted, such as the raising of the blockade after the Armistice, and the convening of a world conference of economists to report on conditions and suggest remedies, such as has now been summoned to meet at Brussels. But meanwhile the economic situation in Europe is deplorable, trade and industry are paralysed, millions of men and women are unemployed, whole populations are without the most primitive necessities of life.

The problem of high prices, the shortage of essential foods and materials, fuel and transport difficulties, and the

fluctuations of the exchange, are bringing home the importance of giving full weight to economic considerations, not only in our national but in our international policy. The disastrous result of framing treaties in plain defiance of economic facts and laws is exemplified by the paralysis of Central European trade to-day.

It is obvious that a policy of charity can never solve the problem of maintenance for the vast number of those who are suffering. Constant appeals for relief and the collection of large sums of money, not only in Great Britain but in all neutral countries, have been a necessity for the mere preservation of life abroad, but the relief agencies are themselves now demanding that while they alleviate suffering temporarily, others should be working for a constructive economic policy that will bring permanent improvement and render relief unnecessary.

The Fight the Famine Council has worked to promote international co-operation, both with a view to ascertaining facts and discussing remedies; it has worked to enlist support for measures likely to bring immediate relief to the stricken countries, and, lastly, it presses for the larger international policy which alone will bring permanent amelioration. If these objects are to be attained, considerable further outlay will be involved. This particular work, we believe, is being undertaken by no other voluntary body. At the same time it must appeal to many men and women in the country who realize the political as well as the charitable urgency of the situation.

It is for this reason, and because we know it to be of immediate and great importance, that we make an appeal for the funds which will enable us to carry out this work.

(Signed) PARMOOR (Chairman).

EDWARD BACKHOUSE (Vice-Chairman).

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H. RASHDALL.

Fight the Famine Council,

Premier House, 150, Southampton Row, W.C. 1.

June, 1920.

#### WORKERS AND THE PLUMAGE TRADE.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Mary Kerr, mentioned in her letter last week that "about 800 to 1,000 skilled workers were threatened with unemployment by the passing of the Plumage Bill." Allow me to correct these figures. The number of workers engaged in this industry is at least 3,000, of whom the larger number are women workers. A petition against the Bill has been signed by 2,286 workers, and this does not include those employed in provincial houses. These figures add to the significance of Miss Kerr's inquiry about unemployment.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PAGE.

9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. 2.

June 3rd, 1920.

[The number of workers employed by the "fancy feather" trade is from 600 to 700. The reason why the statement that 3,000 workers are employed in the plumage trade is now being widely circulated is as follows: The traders are organized in a company called "The Ostrich and Fancy Feather Trade Association"—in other words, the trade which lives by the massacres of beautiful and harmless creatures in the breeding season has also a finger in the brokerage department of the legitimate ostrich-feather industry. The 3,000 workers, that is to say, include those employed in the dressing of ostrich plumes in England. The reason why so few workers are employed in the making up of wild birds' skins is because 80 per cent. of them are shipped abroad on reaching England to be made up there. In 1914, the trade asserted that 5,000 workers would be affected by Sir Charles

Hobhouse's Bill: on being cross-examined they admitted it was 500. It has been easy to persuade the credulous girls engaged in making up ostrich feathers that the Bill will throw them on the streets, it being one of the regular devices of the trade to ignore the fact that ostriches are exempted—as farmed birds—from the provisions of the Bill. It is logical and natural that these and other unscrupulous misrepresentations should be used as propaganda by a trade so evil as this one.—ED., NATION.]

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## Poetry.

## OUR-ROUGH-ISLAND-STORY.

THERE is unrest  
In India,  
In Egypt,  
And in Ireland.  
I cannot understand it.  
It must be a plot.

\* \* \*  
Unrest in foreign countries  
Is different,  
—They may be misgoverned—  
But if there is unrest  
In the British Empire  
It is always  
A plot  
On the part of foreign countries.  
It is what I call  
A conspiracy.

\* \* \*  
It is ridiculous  
To talk about the rights  
Of small nations.  
India is not a small nation.  
It is nothing of the sort.  
We only keep India  
Because, if we leave it,  
The Indians  
Would fight one another.  
It is different  
When Europeans fight one another.  
But the Indians  
Are a backward and brutal people,  
And would not use  
Guns, rifles, gas, bombs or flame-throwers.  
It is better,  
If you are an Indian,  
To be bombed by a British aeroplane  
Than to be hit  
By another black.  
We only stay in India  
To protect the natives;  
When we leave it  
There will not be one rupee left.  
No Englishman has any right  
To talk about India,  
Unless he has been there;  
And no Indian  
Has any right to talk about it,  
If he lives there.

If he is a Maharajah  
And plays cricket,  
It is different.  
A sportsman is a sportsman,  
All the world over;  
Except in Russia, of course;  
And if an Indian Maharajah  
Goes to an English Public School  
He ought to be fairly safe—  
Mens-sana-in-corpore-sano-and-all-that!  
The doctors say  
That a healthy man  
Is unaware of his body,  
And in the same way  
You feel  
With a healthy-minded public school man,  
That he is unaware  
Of his mind.  
Look at our Generals!  
They will show you  
Where we should be  
Without our public schools.  
But none of the Indians  
Know what they really want.  
They only know what it is  
That they don't want.  
It is a plot.

\* \* \*  
It is the same in Ireland;  
Sinn Feiners  
Are no better than Bolsheviks.  
I'd shoot them all,  
The bloodthirsty brutes!  
A great big nation  
Attacking a poor little country  
Like Poland.  
It is true  
That the plucky little Poles  
Had to advance first,  
Or the Bolsheviks  
Might not have attacked them.  
But we never gave them any ammunition  
To fight the Bolsheviks,  
We merely sent it  
To help maintain  
Law-and-Order,  
Just as we send it  
To Ireland;  
And now the Bolsheviks  
Have even attacked  
The plucky little Persians.  
It is a shame,  
And prevents us  
From keeping  
Law-and-Order.  
By Law-and-Order  
I mean the shooting  
Of people  
Whom you don't happen to like;  
But if they shoot back  
—Or even answer back—  
It is what I call a plot.

\* \* \*  
The burglar,  
Who had been caught red-handed  
With the contents of three houses,  
Said:  
"Directly I saw the police  
I knew  
That there was a plot  
To deprive me  
Of my possessions."  
Unless people  
Are allowed to keep  
What they have obtained,  
There will be an end  
To Law-and-Order.  
It is what I call  
A conspiracy.

"MILES."

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## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Ways of Life." A Study in Ethics. By Stephen Ward. (Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d.)

"Creative Revolution." By Eden and Cedar Paul. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

"A Child of the Alps." By Margaret Symonds. A Novel. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

\* \* \*

WHEN Thoreau and his brother pushed a boat out for a week's holiday on the Concord, there was no telling where they would camp for the night—on Parnassus, in Persia, among the Pleiads, or in Kingdom Come. Even during the afternoon, on a dull day, and from places where there was nothing more indicative of magic than minnows and water-weeds, their boat, which was hired, got them right off this earth. They had adventures which would have astonished Drake. What was seen from a peak in Darien was nothing to the prospects they explored. They found even peace and fellowship. When they got back to their village, they must have felt they had not seen it since they were there in a previous life. And one can easily believe it. They had travelled as far in one week in an open boat as man has ever been. But we have learned since that Thoreau, when he published it, had to store in a spare room the log of that strange voyage, for it was unsaleable. Few wanted to hear about it. They did not think a row-boat which had reached the Pleiads remarkable. Lovers of literature then—it has happened since—were reading of matters of an importance which may be discovered to-day by turning up the contemporary newspaper files; and what those files would reveal we are not going to find out, because we have our own absorbing affairs, equally important. But if there is an American who wishes to prove that he has no hard feelings against the English, and he happens to have an unwanted copy of that edition of "The Week" which once was stacked, forlorn and unsaleable, in an attic, we should accept it with more enthusiasm than almost any gift out of the Smithsonian; for we think Thoreau's "Week" one of the first travel books in the language and one of the very things that, like the Declaration of Independence, uplift the American Republic in the eyes of the just.

\* \* \*

HERE is another narrative, not of one but of several voyages, of a man of letters when inspecting at leisure the appearance of the great illusion, "From the Log of the Velsa," by Mr. Arnold Bennett (Chatto & Windus). There is no fear that its author will have to store it in an obscure place till times are fairer. It will sell. It ought to sell. Yet one cannot help remarking that the good ship "Velsa" never left the Five Towns all the time she was away. Wherever she was, in the Zuyder Zee, the Baltic, off Belgium or France, she took the canopy of the Black Country with her; it accompanied her like her saloon with "a piano and an encyclopædia, two necessities of life," and the heavenly smell of breakfast bacon. That, too, is a feat. Only Mr. Bennett could have accomplished it. We should abruptly refuse to go to the Baltic with anybody but Mr. Bennett to see the Five Towns; and all the time, in this book, he is reminding us of them we kept wishing we had been in the Baltic with him.

\* \* \*

So Mr. Bennett's voyages, too, were strange enough. When Stevenson went paddling on the Oise, we became aware of the Oise. When he went to the South Seas, we know he never reached the place he set out for, because he told us of the South Seas in the weary spirit of the disillusioned. After we have been for months with Doughty in Arabia, we are only dimly aware of a little Englishman, who is just recognizable by his fearful determination to have his own way at all costs, but we are subdued, parched, and gaunt, through an Arabia we shall never forget. But Mr. Bennett's log is not

of the "Velsa" at all. That ship only took him about. We had doubts at times that she did this as a ship does usually when out-manceuvring weather and waters. Did Mr. Bennett really cross the sea to get to Holland? The "Velsa" might have been his taxi-cab. It is really the log of the famous author of the "Old Wives' Tale," telling us not what Bruges is like, nor the Channel, nor the Dutch canals, but what he was like when he was there.

\* \* \*

BUT the only ambiguity in the book which acutely disappoints us is that about the "Velsa." We have to presume there was a ship which got Mr. Bennett from port to port, for once she sprang a leak, and more than once her engine gave out. We learn that "her rig is, roughly, that of a cutter, with a deliciously curved gaff that is the envy of all real cutters." Is that a really nice way of dismissing a lady? Her rig is, roughly, that of a nice little thing, with a deliciously curved hat, and other fellows envy me! No. We cannot make a picture of it, and we were most anxious to envy Mr. Bennett. This shrewd perfunctoriness of the author's, when dismissing Dutch artists with a friendly nod or otherwise (sometimes it is most otherwise), or Belgian interiors, or tumbled Channel seas before dawn and a cup of tea (the tumbled seas were much better after a cup of tea) is Mr. Bennett, and we prefer him as we know him; but it is not, and never was, and should not be the way for an owner to dismiss his ship, whatever her appearance and her character. One must efface oneself there, and get down to a lengthy objective and critical presentation of somebody else. The reader expects it. He requires it to begin with, and then he wants to know how that character, strange to him, behaves under varying and unexpected circumstances. "I was informed that we were moored in the yacht-basin of Terneuzen. I remained calm. Had we been moored in the yacht-basin of Kamchatka, the smell of dinner would still have been issuing from the fore-castle-hatch, and the open page of Dostoyevsky would still have invited me through the saloon skylight. . . ." Now we don't care a green gooseberry for Dostoyevsky under such circumstances, nor even very much for the evidence that, under such circumstances, Mr. Bennett was still looking for the great Russian. We were looking for the "Velsa," and were fobbed off with a fore-castle-hatch having a smell of dinner and a peep of Dostoyevsky. It is a miracle the ship stood it. Indeed, she didn't, in spite of the compliment to her gaff. Shortly after that she sprang that leak, and it is not to be wondered at. But for the author's disrespect to the very ship which made others envy him, we should have been entirely grateful to Mr. Bennett for the entertainment of his voyages. Indeed, if he made only a tour of a dye-works, or a cold storage, it would be interesting to have his views of vats, or of frozen mutton; but he ought not to handle a ship in deep waters in the manner which is usual to him when handling our poor views about modern art.

\* \* \*

YET the truth is, to say Mr. Bennett has not recorded his voyaging as would you or I, is simply to account for the success of his record. After all, in this case, if pressed, we would admit to preferring the author to his ship, because the author is Mr. Bennett. He is more entertaining than the Zuyder Zee; and his emotions, when at the tiller in a bleak daybreak in the Channel, before and after a cup of tea, are more remarkable, in his particular case, than is the sea under the expansion of day. Of how many writers could that be said? And what sort of gratitude are we showing when we regard critically so animated, droll, and good-natured a narrative which kept our lively attention throughout—when quite often our interest in our own voyaging, and usually in that of others, founders beyond recovery just after leaving port? That is Mr. Bennett's special merit. His interest in the world—though perhaps he doesn't care very much what happens to it—and in himself in the midst of so engaging a planet, is buoyant and constant; we are so often wearied by the show that the spectacle of a man enjoying it is even better than the show itself.

H. M. T.

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## Reviews.

## THE LAST OF OUR CONQUERORS.

"The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield."  
By GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. Vols. V. and VI.—1868-1881.  
(Murray. 36s.)

THE Monypenny-Buckle life of Disraeli has reached its sixth and final volume, and though we decline to append the condemning word "failure" to a long and arduous project, accomplished with zeal and industry, we feel compelled to add a milder, but not an approving judgment. It is commonplace. It has fallen to one of the most original and interesting of men to find an epitaph composed a trifle after the manner of Mr. Sapsea. Mr. Buckle's share in it is, maybe, more authoritative, and certainly richer in original research than Mr. Monypenny's; but in his critical accent one catches the Sapsea boom, the ponderous note, that "Dizzy" himself used mainly for the mystification of the Englishry. To see Disraeli dismissed with the parting affirmation that his life was a "romance and a tragedy," is to make one suspect that Mr. Buckle does not know a romantic comedy when he sees it. Where was the tragedy of Disraeli's life? Call it a Venetian masque; a ballet of the eighteenth century; or, if you will, raise the note a little, and say that a great artist found an Empire for a stage, and used it for his own and the world's entertainment.

In missing the comic note in Disraeli's career, Mr. Buckle lets its true moral escape him. Politics and ethics are separate, and in such examples as Disraeli, sharply sundered activities of the human mind. But if Gladstone's attempt to unite them in the actual practice of government must be set down as an ultimate failure, no true glory attaches to the spectacle of their flagrant disunion. Disraeli lived, as he freely confessed, for power. Gladstone at least thought, or tried, to live for conscience. It was natural for the frank adventurer to despise and flout what he regarded as his rival's hypocritical self-delusion. The gods must judge; but it was the business of a biographer at least to state the problem instead of merely assuming his hero's evasion of it. For most of his contemporaries Disraeli professed the tolerance of his class and character. Gladstone he hated. The "Arch Villain," "that rascal Gladstone," the "impetuous hypocrite," the "vindictive fiend," were with him normal terms of vilification. Why this unwonted ferocity? Because if the earnest Gladstone was right, or anything like right, sincere, or approaching sincerity, the brilliance of Disraeli's career must suffer a deep, an effacing, moral stain. It is no libel on Disraeli to call him a gambler,\* a climber, a parasite of Royalty and Empire. In his intimate correspondence with the woman he loved he gave himself the pretty names for all these achievements. But suppose even for a moment that his quest of power was a betrayal of humanity, a lowering of the art of politics, and a depravation of its purpose? The Disraelian glamor does not survive that test; and the proud and self-enamored adventurer could not endure its application.

If, however, Mr. Buckle disappoints us in writing on Disraeli as an average Tory, and applying average Tory measurements, he deserves all praise for giving us ample material for judgment. Disraeli's later years were marked by one or two of the unsensuous love affairs which sweetened life for him. "I owe everything to woman," he wrote; and again, "a she-correspondent for my money." The greatest "she" of all was the Queen. But Disraeli's letters to Queen Victoria fully deserve Bright's description of the relationship—they were "pompous" and designedly "servile."† One smiles at his attribution to her of Spenser's Elizabethan epithet "the Faery"; and his adroit schooling of her impetuous temper and inadequate intelligence. His cynical humor, as well as his naturally affectionate temper, found fuller play in the correspondence with Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford. They were sisters and he loved them both. To Lady Chesterfield (70)‡ he offered marriage, to Lady

Bradford, at 55, a septuagenarian homage, which lasted to his death, and in its primitive ardors yielded two or three missives a day. The letters to Lady Bradford are emphatically the "find" of this biography, and are worth the extra volume which Mr. Buckle seems to have devoted to them. He records only the old troubadour's experienced note; not the response from the closed or the half-open lattice. The letters are of unequal charm, and slightness is their defect; but the love diversions of statesmen exhibit no more agreeable exposition of the art of running an Empire and amusing a woman. "I live," he said, "for power and the affections." He did. The Peri indeed was in his Paradise; he now dwelt with the mighty, they and his "Faery" adored him, and till the awakening of 1880 the Great Arrived might well suppose that the darling of duchesses was also the beloved of England. If his exultation at his success was more than a little common, the writing of "Lothair" proves that his power of critical and even piercing divination of what all this pompous glitter meant, and of what might one day befall it, did not desert him. And if the self-revelation as a whole is not an exhibition of a noble mind, it unquestionably portrays a subtle and contriving one, as well as a patient and considerate chief, a loving friend, and an almost perfect manager of men. The correspondence with Lady Bradford, as well as the more serious letters to Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby, give Disraeli a rare intellectual and even a kind of moral distinction. His physical state added a touch of heroism. From 1874 onwards he dragged to Cabinets, to Parliament and society, a body continually racked with gout and bronchitis, without allowing these ills to eclipse his gaiety or to diminish the volume of his work.

It is on the essentials of his political character that a harsher verdict must be passed than his adoring biographer allows. Unlike the adventurer who has succeeded him, Disraeli kept most of the rules, for he was a Conservative, devoted, in the grandiloquent phrase, to the "magnificent and awful cause of England." But not all of them. Faithful to the friends of his bosom and the household of his faith, he could not be called a loyal colleague. In the Russian crisis he did not hesitate to despatch Colonel Wellesley, behind Lord Derby's back, on a secret mission to the Tsar. He continually employed the too willing Queen as an ally in his war on the peace section of the Cabinet of 1874, and on one occasion drafted for her an acid note of reproof to his own Foreign Minister. And he used his great personal influence with her to inflame her hatred of Gladstone, even after his resignation, when his rival had become Prime Minister and was responsible for policy. Much of his intercourse with her was an Oriental obeisance, a flattery, subtle or gross, of her besetting fault of pride. The flattery was overdone, even as a device of political ambition, for the Queen's Jingoism far outran his own, and in the "affairs" of Bartle Frere and Chelmsford, he had to shrug his shoulders, hint at "Mrs. Masham's petticoat," and when she and the Empress Eugénie pressed the Prince Imperial's fatal visit to South Africa, ask what could be done with "two obstinate women?" All kings are Tories and few love peace; but it is a black spot on the story of the British Monarchy that its last powerful representative hounded even a warlike Minister on to war. But had he no share in the hysteria which led the Queen to clamor for instant hostilities and threaten abdication if she were forced to kiss the Russian "barbarians' feet? He had exalted a susceptible woman to semi-deity; and she believed him. And his Eastern policy of 1874 to 1877, which these two volumes describe, was far from a sensible adventure, even in Imperialism. It was not scrupulous, for though he fixed its cardinal point at the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire, he meant from the first that England should share in its partition if it fell. As it happened, he chose to buttress rottenness, instead of casting it away. And he began wrong. Having, as he admitted, put Empire before humanity, he started his foreign policy as a deliberate experiment in liveliness—liveliness in a powder-factory—while he did nothing to secure the fabric that his ambition had shaken. One precaution, indeed, he nearly took. In 1879, after an earlier and more obscure tender, Bismarck, through Count Münster, offered him a formal alliance between England, Austria, and Germany, which was not to be "incompatible" with good relations with France. Beacons-

\* "No gambling like politics," he writes. And he significantly opens the chapter of his Imperialism with the confession, "'Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire,' would content me, but I won't be snuffed out."

† Compare his well-known confession to Matthew Arnold. "You have heard me called a flatterer, and it is true. Everybody likes flattery, and when you come to Royalty, you should lay it on with a trowel."

‡ Disraeli's ladies, said Schouvaloff, were toutes grandmères.



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field entertained but did not clinch the proposal, and Bismarck dropped it. He went on to poison and enfeeble the pacific spirit of England and sharpen the tooth of Imperialism all over Europe. But he accomplished nothing solid. Within a generation and a-half of his death, every stick and stone of his gimcrack confection had been destroyed, and the great city he would have fought Russia for was given over to her by England in secret treaty, as her share of the spoil in an anti-Turkish, as well as an anti-German, war.

Yet he was a great man? Yes: if ambition be all, and we dissociate moral energy and the creative faculty from the government of the world. Life was to Disraeli a form of decorative art; and as Westminster Abbey appealed only to his scenic sense\*, so religion was merely an accent of its ceremonial rhythm. Thus he enjoyed his Church patronage, as he enjoyed all power, and a Bishop was his first move in the losing game of the election of 1868. Fixing a half-abstracted and wholly foreign gaze on the English stage which he finally dominated, he described its movement as it has never been described before or since. Here he overstepped not only his great rival—for Gladstone, as he truly said, could not write literature—but all his contemporaries. For the actor withdrew within himself; the artist mind was thrown in rich, Titian-like coloring on to the scene in which he seemed to be playing an almost conventional part. He added some human touches to it; and it is to his lasting credit that divining the class war in industrial England, he determined that a large amendment was due to the wage-slaves of the 'forties and their descendants. Nor was his mind a shallow one. Framer of countless epigrams and pasquinades, of half-truths and slight truths, he was also, though in a rarer vein, an architect of the wisdom of man. Such sayings as "Destiny is our will," "all is race," "the key of India is London," "the history of success is the history of minorities," "to revive faith is more difficult than to create it," "great men should think of opportunity and not of time," "life is not a lottery but a science," "no dogma, no Dean," flowed from the duality of nature which made Disraeli the one actor-philosopher of his age. Like all conquerors he coarsened to it; and like all charlatans toadied to it. But he understood and saw its absurdity, if not its guilt, and saw, too, what its Nemesis was likely to be.

H. W. M.

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A TREE is justly known by its fruits; and, through a false analogy, ideas often have, in the popular estimation, to stand or fall by the interpretations given them by their apostles. The psychological doctrines of the subconscious mind especially associated with the name of Dr. Freud have paid to the full the penalty of this popular habit. And surely never has a great scientific doctrine been so badly interpreted and illustrated as has the psycho-analytic doctrine, even by its inventor.

The text-books of psycho-analysis are, for the most part, almost impossible to read with sustained gravity. The new psychology seems to have attracted to its ranks a curiously large proportion of the mentally abnormal, especially of the sexually abnormal. To such persons, the Freudian theory must, indeed, have brought glad tidings of great truth, if not, indeed, of joy. And it is both understandable and excusable that the method of application of the theory to their own idiosyncrasies should seem to them also the true method of its application to normal people. After all, the only person that any of us knows intimately is ourself.

The most vital part of the Freudian psychology rests on the fact that our impulses are only to a limited extent conscious and deliberate, being largely, perhaps mainly, due to inherited tendencies, originally of biologic and racial significance, of which normally we may be entirely or nearly unconscious. The revolutionary character of this doctrine will be realized on a little reflection. All the possibilities of politics and of education are involved in it. It is almost

\* "I would not have missed the sight for anything," he wrote of visit to the Abbey to hear a popular preacher: "the darkness, the lights, the marvellous windows, the vast crowd, the courtesy, the respect and the devotion—and fifty years ago there would not have been fifty persons there."

as important a contribution to useful knowledge as was the Darwinian theory. And, when people have forgotten its first apostles and their utterances, its effect on human thought will be at least as startling.

Freud himself made most of his observations on mental patients, and, for a long time, it was in the realms of mental pathology and mental therapeutics that he saw the principal fields for the application of his theory.

Any particular stage of civilization may be taken as roughly embodying the psychologic harmony of the great body of normal people at that moment existing. Ancient impulses of diminished biological significance, like disused organs, tend towards atrophy. If we never visited the dinner-tables of the aristocratic, few of us would be even aware of, much less worried by, the existence within our abdomens of that recent freak of fashion, the appendix. Only when accompanied with disease does this ancient survival concern us. So it is with our subconscious mental inheritance; and it is for the most part only in the mentally abnormal, the mentally diseased, that serious discord between impulse and expression arises.

This, most of our Freudians cannot believe. To them, everyone seems to be suffering from a sort of chronic mental appendicitis. They see the unconscious in eternal conflict with the tendencies and attitudes of the conscious mind; and, as presented in most of their books, the unconscious is certainly sufficiently unpleasant to provoke conflict. But for artificial codes of morals and prejudices, one gathers that little children would spend their days playing in an unpleasant manner; that incest would be universal; and that scribbling indecencies on walls would be the playtime occupation of all. This idea that every man, woman, and child is subconsciously preoccupied, and preoccupied incessantly, with ungratified sexual desires is, in the experience of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, patently absurd. Nor does biological observation or the record of human history lend any support to this supposition. Among animals in a wild state, sex rarely plays other than a short and seasonal part, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that sexual impulses among civilized men and women are less adequately expressed and gratified than among less conscious primitive folk. But, to the Freudian, man's conscious mind has but to wander for a moment for lust to occupy his whole being; and the sleep of normal folk is the occasion for an orgy, by the side of which the Saturnalia seem but as pale reflections. The illustrations given in Miss Low's book, the latest text-book of the new psychology, are as ribaldly amusing as those given in its predecessors. The authoress says, quoting Dr. Ernest Jones, who writes a preface for her book, "the dreamer may create for himself the right to use anything whatever as a sexual symbol, though it is not ordinarily used in that way." In truth, of course, it is not the dreamer who creates for himself this right, but the enterprising psycho-analyst who interprets his dreams. Few of us are clever enough or subtle enough to use or to realize the potential indecent symbolism of such things as overcoats, beetroots, and slippers.

If we are to accept the allegations of the psycho-analysts, it would appear that the directors of the Pelman Institute have much to learn. For one gathers that even our memories store only those things which are related to sexual manifestations. Here is a typical, and, if the reader is not too fastidious, highly amusing, not to say ludicrous, example of Freudian reasoning, which forms one of the gems of Miss Low's book:—

"A man of twenty-four always retains vividly this picture from the fifth year of his life: he was sitting on a stool in a summer-house by his aunt, who was teaching him his alphabet. He found difficulty in distinguishing the letter M from N, and begged his aunt to show him how to do so. His aunt called attention to the extra portion (one more stroke) in the letter M. Why did this apparently trivial incident remain more than a thousand others? The reason became clear when it was found that the memory of this picture served to cover a deeper desire—namely, a wish, in later years, to discover the difference between boy and girl, and through the medium of that same aunt. Further, when his desire was realized, he discovered that the boy (like the letter M) had one portion more than the girl (the N)."

One day someone with at least an elementary sense of humor will write a book on the doctrine of Freud. Then the fundamental truth and importance of that doctrine will begin to be realized.

H. R.

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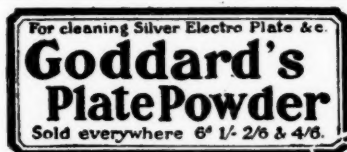
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**DOMINATION OR BROTHERHOOD.**—Lunch Hour Addresses on this subject will be given by Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D., at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C., 1.20 to 1.50 p.m., on Mondays. June 21st: "An International Embodiment."



## THE STORY OF AGADIR.

**"Agadir: Ma Politique Extérieure."** Par JOSEPH CAILLAUX.  
(Paris: Albin Michel. 4fr. 90 net.)

No reader of this interesting book can fail to be struck by its dignity and restraint. Few men in M. Caillaux's circumstances could write with such detachment about matters in which they were intimately involved. M. Caillaux's restraint is such that a certain amount of reading between the lines is sometimes necessary. One hesitates to use a word so much abused as "gentleman," but this is at least the book of a gentleman. Unlike many gentlemen, M. Caillaux can write his own language; his French is so good that he might easily have made a name as a man of letters.

M. Caillaux's opinion of the policy of colonial expansion initiated by Jules Ferry is not mine. Although Jules Ferry no doubt believed that he would serve the cause of peace by diverting French attention from Europe and satisfying the national love of "glory" in what seemed to be less dangerous fields, events have surely proved that he was mistaken. His policy, of which the Moroccan adventure was the natural climax, must be counted one of the chief factors in producing the European war. M. Caillaux seems to think that, if the policy became dangerous, it was because it was perverted by smaller men. No doubt M. Delcassé's obstinate determination to deal with Morocco without consulting other Powers—M. Caillaux shows that in 1903 he put England aside as well as Germany, and proposed the partition of Morocco between France and Spain—embittered Franco-German relations, but the competition between nations for colonies inevitably leads to war. England looked on French colonial expansion with a very unfriendly eye until it suited our purpose to put our weight in the balance on the side of France against Germany.

The economic policy adopted by France in her colonies makes it inevitable that other nations should view French colonial expansion with peculiar jealousy. Nobody can read the French Yellow Books about Morocco without seeing that what Germany wanted all along was a deal. The German Government feared, with reason, that France would eventually close Morocco, as she closes all her colonies, to the trade of other nations, and wanted territorial compensations elsewhere. If, as is probable, the German Government discovered the duplicity of which the French and British Governments had been guilty in adding to their agreement of April, 1904, secret clauses which contradicted the terms of the public treaty, it is not surprising that the German Emperor went to Tangiers in 1905. For the secret clauses gave France a free hand in Morocco in return for a free hand to England in Egypt, and enabled her to put an end in 1914 to the open door in Morocco.

The difference between M. Delcassé's policy and that of M. Caillaux lay not in their aim, but in the method of attaining it. M. Caillaux frankly admits that the aim of France from the first was to make Morocco a French colony and he approves that aim, which he considers to have been the direct result of the French abandonment of Egypt. His claim is that he achieved the aim without war and on conditions extremely favorable to France. It is difficult to think that anybody reading his lucid account of the matter, supported as it is by documentary evidence, can deny that the claim is made out. In less than a hundred pages M. Caillaux gives an admirable summary of the history of the Moroccan affair from 1899 to June 27th, 1911, when he became Prime Minister four days before the "Panther" was sent to Agadir. As he had been Minister of Finance both in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet (1899-1902) and in M. Clemenceau's first Ministry (1906-1909) and was also a member—the most influential member—of the short-lived Monis Cabinet which immediately preceded his own, he speaks with inside knowledge of much of the period. Most English readers will find much information unknown to them in the account of the negotiations leading to the Franco-German agreement of February 9th, 1909, which amounted to an economic partition of Morocco between France and Germany to the exclusion of other Powers. M. Caillaux says that the British Government, while publicly congratulating M. Pichon on the agreement, privately protested against it to

M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London, and that Edward VII. declared it to be directed against him.

The failure of the French Government to carry out this agreement, the scandalous Ngoko-Sangha affair of which M. Caillaux gives a reticent account—he barely hints at the part played in it by the "Temps" and M. André Tardieu—the abandonment of the proposed Franco-German railway in the Cameroon and the French Congo, and finally the French expedition to Fez in April, 1911: all these exasperated Germany, and the Agadir incident was the result. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's warning to M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador in Berlin, that the Fez expedition would re-open the whole Moroccan question, does not seem to have been communicated to the Cabinet as a whole, for M. Caillaux says that he was ignorant of it when he became Prime Minister. He was also ignorant of the fact that M. Jules Cambon, acting on the instructions of M. Cruppi, Foreign Minister in the Monis Cabinet, had proposed a general agreement between France and Germany on all outstanding questions except Alsace-Lorraine, and had discussed the matter with Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter at Kissengen in June, 1911.

The position in which M. Caillaux found himself in July, 1911, was one of extreme difficulty. Not only had the suggestion of compensations for leaving France a free hand in Morocco already been made to Germany before he became Prime Minister, but that course was also recommended both by the British and the Russian Governments. M. Caillaux quotes the statement made to M. Paul Cambon by Sir Edward Grey, who said that in the event of concessions to Germany "the British Government would consider what conditions it should ask for on its part to safeguard the interests of Great Britain." M. Caillaux also gives a dramatic account of his interview at the end of July with M. Isvolsky, Russian Ambassador in Paris, who urged him to concede the German demand for the whole of the French Congo between the sea and the river Sangha, and said that Russia would not go to war for the Congo. The late Tsar spoke in similar terms to M. Louis, French Ambassador in Petersburg.

On the other hand, M. Caillaux knew that, if he made territorial concessions to Germany, he ran the risk of having French public opinion worked up against him and being denounced as a traitor, as in fact happened. His own Foreign Minister, M. de Selves, and the Quai d'Orsay were opposed to any sort of concession to Germany, and organized a press campaign against the Prime Minister, of which M. Jules Cambon speaks in very severe terms in a letter quoted. A day or two after the arrival of the "Panther" at Agadir, M. de Selves telegraphed, without M. Caillaux's knowledge, to M. Paul Cambon instructing him to ask the British Government to send a gun-boat to Agadir, and this although he had already proposed that a French gun-boat should be sent and both M. Caillaux and M. Delcassé (Minister of Marine) had strongly objected. M. Caillaux learned the fact on July 4th (when M. de Selves was in Holland with President Fallières) by a telegram from M. Paul Cambon to the Quai d'Orsay, in which the ambassador raised objections to the instructions. One wonders why M. Caillaux did not at once call on M. de Selves to resign. Perhaps he feared the possible effect abroad of the resignation of the French Foreign Minister at so critical a moment, and only a week after the formation of the Ministry.

Although Mr. Lloyd George made on July 21st, 1911, a threatening speech in which he warned France and Germany that England would not allow them to make an agreement without her consent, M. Caillaux could obtain no sort of definite assurances from the British Government. The British Ambassador in Paris, he says, talked in such a way as to suggest to him that he "would see without displeasure the outbreak of a conflict between France and Germany." He was in "the state of mind attributed to certain great officials of the British Foreign Office." But Sir Francis Bertie could not assure M. Caillaux that, in the event of war, England would go to the aid of France. And when, on July 28th, M. de Selves instructed M. Paul Cambon to ask Sir Edward Grey what England would do if Germany seized Agadir, Sir Edward replied that in that event he would consult his colleagues.

In these circumstances there were only two alternatives: the abandonment of Morocco or compensations to Germany.

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STEADY PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS.

THE fifty-third ordinary general meeting of the Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron and Coal Company, Ltd., was held on the 16th inst. at the Cannon-street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Frederick Mills (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. B. Northgraves, A.C.I.S.) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman, in the course of his address, said:

The Shareholders will recollect that in consequence of the difficulty experienced with regard to questions arising out of Excess Profits Duty, Munitions Levy, and Coal Mines Control Finance it was not possible to issue the Balance Sheets as at 31st March, 1918 and 1919 respectively. I am glad to say, however, that such progress has now been made as to enable us to present the Balance Sheet as at 31st March, 1920. The figures are set out in a form easily understood, and it must be evident to anyone that a strong and healthy position is disclosed. It will be observed that the Directors were justified in declaring interim dividends of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares in respect of the two former years, and, as announced on each occasion, they do not propose any further dividend, but they ask your confirmation of their action.

As I ventured to observe last year, the profits are the result of steady progress extending over many years. The turnover last year was over £7,600,000, and as the divisible profit on the Preference and Ordinary Shares is £346,504, or 4.56 per cent. on this turnover, it shows on how narrow a margin this vast industry is conducted. The wages paid by the Company amounted to £3,904,817; if the sum of £346,500 thus divided amongst the Shareholders had been paid instead to our workpeople, as some people seem to suggest, they would have received 1s. 9d. only in the £, or 8.75 per cent., in addition to the wages they received.

### IRON AND STEEL DEPARTMENTS.

The principal features of the Balance Sheet are first, the very large Capital Expenditure in recent years. The Extensions include the purchase and development of Iron Ore Fields in Northamptonshire, three new Batteries of by-Product Coke Ovens—250 in number—with their accompanying Recovery Plants; two new Blast Furnaces, which alone have cost over a million of money; considerable Extensions of the Steel Works and the Electrical Generating Station at Ebbw Vale; and, in addition, an up-to-date Steel Sleeper Plant at Newport. The Shareholders will next observe an item—new to us—"Capital Reserve Account" of £1,350,348, which is the result of the Valuation, on a pre-war basis, of our assets as at 31st March, 1917, referred to in the Report of the Directors in 1918, made for the purpose of recasting and increasing the Share Capital of the Company, authorised by the Shareholders in July, 1918, the issue having been successfully made in the Autumn of that year.

### THE COLLIERIES: CRITICISM OF GOVERNMENT POLICY.

With regard to our Colliery Undertakings, I wish I could tell the same tale of progress and development as I have related in regard to our Iron and Steel Works. Rightly or wrongly, at the outset of Control, development was prohibited not only at Ebbw Vale but all over the Country, and although 18 months have come and gone since the Armistice, no suitable arrangements have yet been made to proceed with this very necessary work. New Sinkings are held up, out-of-date machinery still slogs along its wasteful way, whilst wages and allowances have been increased, and hours of work reduced. The Nation has done all those things which it ought not to have done, and left undone all those things it should have done, in its Coal Industry. It is not surprising, therefore, that the cost of Coal has gone up and the output has gone down. The number of men has increased and the output is reduced. No body of business men in their senses would have conducted their affairs in the unfortunate way that has been adopted in this most vital industry. I can only hope that some more enlightened policy than that of impounding the whole of the Excess on the Pre-War Standard of Profits, after making allowance of a percentage on the increased Capital employed, will shortly be announced, and that those qualified to know and to act, left free, and indeed compelled, to get to work, and as speedily as possible attempt to make up the leeway of nearly six years.

### GROWTH OF THE COMPANY.

You have a wonderful property. It has been consolidated and is being developed on a policy long determined upon and steadfastly pursued. Year after year the aim has been to make ourselves as self-contained as possible and to carry our manufactures into finished commodities as far as possible. We now raise more than all the coal we require for our own use, produce the iron ore, all the coke, all the limestone and dolomite, all the pig iron; we make, with few exceptions, all our own bricks. Our foundry, engineering shops and machinery are up-to-date and sufficient. We and our subsidiary Companies now give employment to some 34,000 workpeople, and we are not over-capitalized. All we require is a minimum of interference from Government Departments, a fair field, and no favor, and I am convinced we shall be able to conduct this vast undertaking to the satisfaction of the public, the comfort and well-being of our workpeople, and to the reasonable profit of the Shareholders.

The report was unanimously adopted.

M. Caillaux chose the latter, and bought Germany off at a much lower price than she had asked. His critics, who say that he should have made no concessions to Germany, can only mean that he ought to have gone to war. Had he done so, it would have meant ruin and defeat for France, although that was not the opinion of the French General Staff, who were as confident in 1911 as they were in 1914 that France could beat Germany single-handed. M. Caillaux refused to agree with them, and the events of the last five years have certainly justified him. He averted war and secured Morocco for France by ceding to Germany a portion of the French Congo, which at the time of the cession contained 190 French inhabitants, of whom 150 were officials.

But before this consummation was reached, the situation was more than once extremely critical. On July 25th, 1911, four days after Mr. Lloyd George's speech, M. Fondère, a French business man who had already been employed in semi-official negotiations by the Monis Cabinet, called on M. Caillaux and said that Baron von Lancken had asked him to call at the German Embassy. M. Caillaux told him to go, and if the question of Morocco were raised, to say that he had found M. Caillaux in a pessimist mood and indisposed to yield to the German demands. Thus originated the negotiations in regard to which M. Caillaux has been accused of going behind the Foreign Minister and the French Ambassador at Berlin. As regards the Ambassador, M. Caillaux has no difficulty in showing that the charge is false. A day or two after M. Fondère's visit, M. Caillaux sent one of his secretaries to Berlin to tell M. Jules Cambon what was going on, and it is clear from the quotations given from M. Cambon's letters and despatches that he was kept fully informed throughout the negotiations and entirely approved of M. Caillaux's line of action.

It is true that M. Caillaux to some extent put aside M. de Selves, although he did nothing without his knowledge, and that he kept the Quai d'Orsay out of the negotiations. But it is clear that there would have been war if he had not done so. For M. de Selves was in the hands of a group of young men at the Quai d'Orsay, who plainly wanted war with Germany. Throughout the negotiations they did everything in their power to prevent a settlement, and their conduct was such that M. Jules Cambon, with whom they were on very bad terms, complained to M. Caillaux that the Quai d'Orsay was stabbing him in the back (*me tire dans le dos*). The book must be read in order that the conduct of the Quai d'Orsay may be appreciated.

But the negotiations succeeded, and their conclusion was assisted by the sudden financial crisis on the Berlin Stock Exchange in September, 1911, which was accompanied by a rise in the exchange in favor of France. M. Caillaux gives only a hint of the part that he himself played in precipitating that crisis, but in fact it was a remarkable stroke of financial diplomacy. From that moment the German Government became more conciliatory.

Even a reader of this book prejudiced against M. Caillaux will be forced, if he be an honest man, to admit that in this matter at least, M. Caillaux did an immense service to France and the world in 1911. We know how he has been rewarded. The Quai d'Orsay put into M. Clemenceau's hands the copies of certain telegrams from the German Embassy in Paris to Berlin, which had been intercepted and decoded. Being copied on green paper, these documents have become known as the "*documents verts*." In one of them the German Ambassador said, quite inaccurately, that M. Caillaux did not wish M. Jules Cambon to know of M. Fondère's semi-official negotiations. In another a few words were omitted so as to give the suggestion that M. Caillaux had been willing to barter away the claim of France to Alsace-Lorraine. In fact, M. Caillaux had tried, like M. Cruppi, to make a general arrangement with Germany, but the question of Alsace-Lorraine was expressly excluded by the words omitted in the copy, as it had been at Kissingen. On the strength of these two documents M. Clemenceau and M. de Selves brought about M. Caillaux's resignation, created the legend of his "treason," and began the campaign which has culminated in his imprisonment. But Mr. Asquith, through the intermediary of Sir Ernest Cassel, sent a message to M. Caillaux that he had brought back from Berlin "peace with honor."

What M. Jules Cambon thought about it is shown by his letter of congratulation printed in full on page 236 of this book.

ROBERT DELL.

#### HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

"Color Schemes for the Home, and Model Interiors." By H. W. FROME and ALICE and BETTINA JACKSON. (Lippincott. 21s. net.)

Of all the qualities that go to make up "good design" proportion is the most important. In fact, in its widest sense, it can be made to include most of the others. To be "without a sense of proportion" leads one in design, as it does in life, into every sort of error and disharmony. And, unfortunately, it is a thing almost impossible to teach in any kind of positive way. Negatively, harmless proportion can be arrived at by a series of eliminating rules and axioms, but harmlessness is usually the highest result these can achieve. About the only sound thing that can be done in the way of education is the development of the sense of proportion by the study and analysis of good examples; the training of the eye and mind to the appreciation of ever subtler and more delicate variations in shape, size, and arrangement. Of course, the biggest and most obvious mistakes can be made in the use of color; largely because simple-minded persons are apt to see a color scheme they like and adapt it, only making what they consider to be trifling alterations in the proportions of its constituent colors. A little more red or blue—yellow curtains instead of only that little yellow cushion; exactly the same yellow, you know—and the whole thing is out of key at once. What puzzles them is, why? The elegant book now under discussion is an attempt to answer them.

And, up to a point, it does so: that is to say, it gives them certain laws and rules-of-thumb which, if they follow them, will produce harmonious color-blendings; and it rightly insists on the importance of the balance of color. One's chief complaint against its authors is their excessive dogmatism, and a certain curious habit of assigning—apparently quite arbitrarily—emotional values to quite material facts.

"While damask, grass-cloth, and richly embossed papers express formality, in paint this quality is expressed to a greater or less degree by the choice of color." "Gaily patterned cretonnes contribute coziness and cheer." "This furniture, fitted with cushions of larkspur cretonne piped with blue, would give a hospitable air to this charming room."

While insisting, in their preface, on the elasticity of their rules, and the "ample latitude" which must be allowed for personal choice, in our authors' more detailed suggestions the narrowest of dogmas appear. The statement that "woodwork should not contrast too strongly with the walls, but just enough to avoid monotony" is highly controversial, and as many instances could be brought to confute as to support it. Why is ivory or light grey preferable to white or delicately colored enamel in dainty bedrooms? And so on.

Apart from these slight irritations, the general laws laid down are sound and good, though one is pained by the thought of the "homemaker," unhelped by any definition, trying to avoid the "popular" in art, remembering with terror that "the stereotyped subject betrays the stereotyped mind."

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to quarrel with the design of the furniture selected as illustrations; but it is difficult to avoid criticism of the rocking-chairs shown in all the bedrooms. Surely a rocking-chair is of its very essence a thing of flowing lines; a near kinsman to the swing and the hammock. To take a Queen Anne or early Georgian chair, whose every line and mass expresses stability and dignity, and to stick it on a pair of incongruous, snub-nosed rockers is to betray a mind worse even than stereotyped. One might as well put the Parthenon on rockers.

The general scheme of the book is good and useful, and it is thoroughly well thought out and produced. One is left, however, wondering whether the authors do not demand too great a surrender of the personality: whether an outbreak here and there is not demanded by one's human dignity. That feeling of tea at the Vicarage, when one would give the world to see beneficent austerity make a slip on the floor—wildly gyratory—when conveying a plate of cake.



## CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

THE Eleventh Annual General Meeting of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Co. Ltd. was held on the 17th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., Mr. Gerard L. Bevan, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. J. Witte) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, if it is your pleasure I propose to take the accounts and balance sheet of the eleventh year of this Company's operations as read, and will proceed to comment generally on the figures which are contained therein. I must begin by apologising for the absence of my esteemed colleagues, Sir Douglas Dawson, Colonel Sir Henry Grayson, and Mr. Theodore Barclay, all of whom have unavoidably been prevented from assisting us to-day. In our fire and general account you will see that our premium income has almost doubled in volume during the last year, and whilst the loss ratio is somewhat lower it must be borne in mind that on the increased income a large amount has been set aside for the unexpired liability, which accounts for the decrease shown in profits. Making due allowance for this, I am sure you will agree that the figures and ratios as given on the front page of the report are eminently satisfactory. I think that in view of the very large increase which has taken place a few words from me would not be inappropriate in explanation of the causes which have given rise to such an advance. The general conditions and extraordinary changes which have been brought about in the values of commodities throughout the world have given an opportunity to us, as the leading English re-insurance company, of which we have endeavored to take full advantage, and whilst exercising every caution in the selection of our treaties, the extremely high values now obtaining have caused the incomes under the various sections, both home and foreign, to advance steadily quarter by quarter. In addition to this, we have secured a number of new treaties, and in several cases we have received with gratification increased proportions on those we already held.

For some time past, as I mentioned last year, we have been considering the advisability, or otherwise, of entering the United States of America, and in view of the position we have now established for ourselves, it is quite probable that within the next few months we shall have decided that the moment is opportune for us to enter as a re-insurer on a moderate scale in United States business. I now come to the marine account, which you will see again shows a slight increase in income. You will have noticed that in the accounts of most of the big insurance companies, large reductions have taken place in the income shown in marine business, and I think it may be taken as a fact that this is caused in the main by the falling out of war risks, which formed a considerable item in such companies' accounts. In the case of the "City Equitable," whilst we wrote a fair amount of war business with profitable results, the cessation of this section was not of such importance as to affect our balance sheet figures, and the acceptance of fresh marine treaties has resulted in an increase of the figures for the year under review.

Opinions on the outlook for marine business in the future are very divided, and whilst many authorities anticipate a period of meagre profits, others equally capable are not so pessimistic. Many features have to be borne in mind in forming an estimate of the future train of events. The losses sustained at sea during the war, have been followed by unprecedented activity in shipyards all over the world. Already the volume of tonnage afloat exceeds the maximum pre-war figure, and it can hardly be questioned that within a short time the supply of ships will exceed the demand.

I now come to the appropriation of the balance as shown, and my first observation will naturally be, as I feel sure you would wish, on the subject of the dividend which is proposed to be paid. It has been very carefully considered by the members of your Board, and I think and hope you will agree that in exercising what might appear to be undue caution in the payment of the dividend, a correct attitude has been taken up in view of the future position of the company.

It is our desire that a steady increase in the dividend paid shall take place, and large fluctuations avoided, and you will readily realize, on a perusal of the balance sheet, that our investments will justify further increases in the future. While I am on the subject of investments, I would like to point out the large amount that we hold either in the form of short-dated loans or treasury bills. By pursuing this policy, and at the same time exercising discrimination in the choice of our miscellaneous securities, we have hitherto avoided the depreciation which would otherwise have resulted, especially on gilt-edged securities.

A further increase in the company's fire business for the current year is practically assured, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon us to materially strengthen the reserve in view of such expansion. I would draw your particular attention to the recommendations which are being made in this respect. You will notice that the item of general reserve is shown in our last balance sheet at £90,000, has since been transferred to our fire and general fund. This, with the addition which we now recommend to be made, viz., £160,000, will bring our fire fund

up to over 77 per cent. of our premium income, and it is our intention that this fund shall be steadily increased year by year until a cent. per cent. basis has been reached. (Applause.)

As regards our marine fund, after making adequate allowance for outstanding losses, a figure of 70 per cent. is shown, and here again it is our intention to work on similar lines.

I should not like to conclude before expressing our thanks to the manager and his staff for their efforts during the past year; one and all they have given their utmost energies to the conduct of the company's business, and it is in no small measure due to their unremitting labours and intelligent interest in the company's business that we have been able to achieve such results.

I now formally move the adoption of the report and accounts, and I will ask Mr. Peter Haig Thomas to second it.

Mr. Peter Haig Thomas: I have much pleasure in seconding the adoption of the report and accounts.

The Chairman: Before I put the resolution to the meeting I shall be pleased, if anyone wishes to ask any questions, to answer them to the best of my ability.

No questions were asked, and the resolution was thereupon put to the meeting and declared unanimously carried.

The Chairman: The next resolution has to be moved from your side of the table, gentlemen.

Mr. H. W. O'Brien: I have pleasure in proposing: "That Messrs. Langton & Lepine be re-elected as auditors of the company at a fee of 500 guineas."

Mr. Trefusis: I beg to second that.

The resolution was unanimously passed.

Mr. O'Brien: I now move: "That the retiring directors—namely, Mr. Gerard L. Bevan, Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, and the Rt. Hon. The Earl of March—be re-elected." I believe this company is one of the most successful in London. ("Hear, hear.") None has made greater progress in the time under the present management. I am sure we must all feel very well satisfied with the results and that we shall unite in re-electing these gentlemen. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Trefusis: I have pleasure in seconding that.

Mr. A. J. Monro: I should like to say a few words in support of the motion. Our Directors are not ordinary Directors; I think they thoroughly deserve the greatest appreciation we can show them, more especially our Chairman. Our Chairman is not the sort of Chairman who simply sits in the chair here once a year, but he, with the Manager, takes the keenest interest in every phase of the business. I think the Manager will bear me out in this. He can go to him at all times about the business in any part of the world with a view to promoting the welfare of the shareholders. I should like to suggest that after the 100 per cent. reserve for unexpired risks has been accomplished—and that will not take very long at the present rate of progress—a bonus should be given to the shareholders, so as to make the shares more fully paid. I threw that out as a hint to the Directors to think of as the next step when the cent. per cent. reserve has been reached—a further dividend in the form of bonus shares to the preference and ordinary shareholders. It would not take a great deal to make the shares more fully paid. The dividend might then be increased, and the percentage would not be quite so great even as it is now. With these remarks I heartily support the motion.

The Chairman: I much appreciate Mr. Monro's remarks, and we will bear in mind the suggestion he has made.

The resolution was unanimously passed.

Mr. T. O. Smyth: Have the Directors given up all hope of rearranging the capital so as to have only one class of shares? I believe there was a proposal made to that effect last year, but I have heard nothing more of it. I do not know what has become of it. I think it would be a great advantage if it could be carried out.

The Chairman: I may say, in reply to the question, that the Directors have had the matter in mind several times, and if we can ever come to an agreement on any practical scheme we shall be very pleased to put it to the two classes of shareholders again. Well, gentlemen, I think that concludes the business of the meeting.

Mr. Trefusis: Before we separate I am sure we should like to give an expression of our gratitude to the Chairman for his lucid statement to-day, and to the Chairman and Directors for their most successful efforts on our behalf during the past year. I beg to move a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors.

Mr. G. Barnard: I have very much pleasure in seconding that.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman: Thank you, gentlemen, for your vote. We much appreciate it, and it will encourage us to renewed endeavours in the future, which, I hope, will continue to be very successful.

Mr. Monro: I do not think we should leave this hall without passing a vote of thanks to the manager and staff. It would be ungrateful of us, to say the least, if we did not express our unanimous appreciation of the work during the past year of the general manager, Mr. Mansell, and his staff. ("Hear, hear.")

Mr. Smyth: I shall be pleased to second the vote of thanks to the manager and staff for their services during the past year.

The Chairman: I am sure the meeting will be unanimous in passing that motion.

The vote was unanimously agreed to and the proceedings then terminated.





**BRITISH GLASS INDUSTRIES LTD.****INTERIM DIVIDEND ON EXPANDED CAPITAL.****PRESENT AND FUTURE PROFITS.**

AN extraordinary general meeting of British Glass Industries (Limited), was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., for the purpose of considering resolutions increasing the capital of the company to £5,000,000, and altering the articles of association so as to give power to the company to capitalize share premium reserves. Mr. C. Williamson Milne (the Chairman) presided.

In the course of his speech the Chairman said:—We have now arrived at a stage in the history of this company when the payment of a dividend has become a matter of immediate practical interest.—(Hear, hear.) But your directors feel that, as a preliminary thereto, steps should be taken to bring the nominal capital of the company into closer relationship with the actual amount of capital which has been invested in it, and with its present and prospective earning power.—(Hear, hear.)

Our nominal paid-up capital stands at £1,400,000, whereas we have a sum of no less than £2,450,000 as a premium reserve. We thus have a total of £3,850,000 of actual cash capital which has been subscribed by our shareholders. We now propose to capitalize £2,100,000 of these premiums. We are able to recommend this proposal for your acceptance, broadly on two grounds. Firstly, that it will bring the nominal capital into closer relationship with the amount of capital subscribed; and secondly, that as a consequence thereof we shall be able to distribute the large profits we are earning, and the much larger profits which we are confident of earning very shortly, without arousing invidious or unfair criticism as to our dividend.—(Applause.) The effect of the proposed resolutions will be that for every two shares now held a shareholder will hold five shares, thus bringing the issued capital up to £3,500,000.

As I told you at our last meeting, an option was given to the Commercial Bank of London in consideration of their services to the company, to subscribe for 50,000 of the existing shares at £5 per share. This will be exchanged for an option to subscribe for 125,000 of the new shares at £2 per share, and this involves, of course, exactly the same amount of cash.

**Present Profit £600,000.**

The various businesses which we own or control are earning profits at the present time of about £600,000 per annum.—(Applause.) Under this heading I include the United Glass Bottle Manufacturers (Limited) and its affiliated companies, Webbs' Crystal Glass Company (Limited) with its affiliated companies, the Queenborough Glass Works, and the British and Foreign Bottle Company. As these businesses are now making a profit of about £600,000 per annum you will readily appreciate how enormously our profits will be increased when, in addition to extensions to the above-mentioned works, the large works at Canning Town and Charlton, the Irish Glass Bottle Works, and the Medway Works are in full operation, and when dividends are being received from our other large share interests in the British Window Glass Company (Limited), and the Triplex Glass Company (Limited). It is not desirable that I should go into great detail on this subject. I may inform you that a profit from all sources of—very roughly—£1,500,000 per annum is a conservative estimate.—(applause)—based on the present outlook in the glass trade, having regard to the fact that the greater part of our capital expenditure has been as yet unproductive.

That the time is rapidly approaching when this increased income will be coming in will be apparent when I tell you that the first three large furnaces at Canning Town are just about to be started, and that it is expected that the remaining furnaces will come into operation at the rate of one each month until the whole of the furnaces are in operation; that very shortly—not later, we hope, than August—the first of the furnaces at Charlton will also be started, as also those at the Irish Glass Bottle Works in Dublin, the Medway Works, and the British Window Glass Works. We are, therefore, on the eve of commencing to increase our profits very largely.

In my last speech I expressed the hope that the manufacture would have commenced in several of our units before now, but owing to the prolongation of the moulders' strike and the almost insuperable difficulties of obtaining delivery of the necessary parts for our machines and furnaces and the difficulties of building, which are common to all new enterprises at the present time, it is most satisfactory to be able to report to you the position in which we find ourselves to-day.—(Hear, hear.)

**The Large Output.**

The present actual output of glass bottles, glass containers, jars, tumblers, &c., from our various works is at the rate of 170 millions per annum—(applause)—whilst, when our present programme is completed, this output should be approximately three times as great. I have not taken into account the position of other of our large subsidiaries, and the figures here may also interest you. Webbs' Crystal Glass Works manufacture all types of crystal table ware, bulbs, chemical glass,

tubes, &c., so that the output in numbers will convey very little. However, the present turnover of Webbs' Crystal Glass Works is three-quarters of a million pounds sterling per annum, and very shortly, when the additional works are in operation, this turnover will be increased to well over one million pounds per annum. The turnover of Webbs' Crystal Glass Works for the first four months of this year was 50 per cent. in excess of the turnover for that period in 1919.—(Applause.)

The subsidiaries controlled by what we term the Webbs' group at the present moment are manufacturing electric light bulbs at the rate of 13 millions per annum. We expect to double this figure well before the end of this year.—(Applause.) These figures do not include the output from British Window Glass Company (Limited), or from our controlling interest in the Triplex Safety Glass Company (Limited), and several smaller glassworks which are still to come into operation. These are figures which I think will astonish some of you who perhaps have not fully appreciated the magnitude of this company's undertaking, which include no fewer than 26 separate organisations. The demand for glass ware of every kind all over the world is so insistent that your directors are satisfied that, notwithstanding our large capacity for production, the demand for the company's products will continue to exceed the supply.

Now that the trade has been re-established in this country on the largest scale, the impending development of the use of glass in directions in which it has hitherto not been used is likely to be very great, and the company have appointed a committee of experts to investigate this question with a view to still further extending the company's activities.

**Interim Distribution of £350,000.**

The matter of dividends had been discussed prior to the Budget statement, and we were then on the point of declaring an interim dividend of an amount which I am sure would have given general satisfaction. The unexpected announcement that the excess profits duty was to be continued—and, indeed, increased—compelled us to revise this intention. But while this taxation must necessarily affect the amount of profits available for distribution, I am glad to be able to assure you that our position is such—partly owing to the fact that our organization includes a very considerable proportion of old-established businesses with favorable standards, and also partly on account of the allowance for capital to which we are entitled—that we shall still be able to pay dividends which, on a revenue basis, will make our shares a remunerative investment, even to those who bought them at the highest price they touched in the market.—(Applause.)

We have, therefore, deemed it advisable to modify our plans to some extent, and to pursue the conservative policy of accumulating profits up to the end of September before making an interim distribution, September 30th being the end of our first financial year. However, you will be glad to hear that it is the intention of the board, after the completion of the purchase of the shares of the United Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Limited, has taken place, to declare our first dividend of £350,000, which means 10 per cent. on the nominal share capital as it then will be if the resolutions before you to-day are passed. This will be an interim dividend, and, as you will readily see, will represent to most of the shareholders of the company considerably more than 10 per cent., inasmuch as the greater portion of the capital was subscribed barely four months ago.

Now with regard to the payment of further dividends, our intention is to alter the date of our annual meeting in the future, so as to permit of the accounts of our subsidiary companies being made up to the 31st December in each year. We shall then be able to prepare our own balance-sheet, co-ordinating all the accounts and bringing in all the profits on the 31st March of each year. We propose, however, to call our shareholders together again in December of this year, when we shall be able to lay before them the completed accounts for the period ending September 30th next. I cannot at this stage definitely promise a further dividend for that particular period, but I can say with confidence that we hope then to be able to declare another interim dividend on account of the six months from October, 1920, to March, 1921.—(Applause.) From then onwards we anticipate being able to pay regular half-yearly dividends about June and December, and, having told you what we expect our profits to be when all the works are completed, you will see for yourselves that there is margin for these half-yearly dividends to be of a progressive character.—(Hear, hear.)

**The Company and Taxation.**

Turning to other matters, I need scarcely say that the continuance in an aggravated form of the excess profits duty came as an unwelcome surprise to your directors. As far as this company is concerned, we are hoping to receive due consideration from the authorities in view of the fact that the manufacture of glass is a "key" industry.—(Hear, hear.) In recommending for your acceptance the resolutions I wish to impress upon you that we who are primarily responsible for the formation, development, and control of this gigantic undertaking regard it not only as an instrument of profit—as to that point we have no doubt whatever—but we wish to see it firmly established as a corner-stone in the reconstruction of the industrial fabric of Great Britain after the war.—(Applause.)

The Chairman then put the resolutions for the capitalization of the reserves and the alteration of the articles, which were unanimously carried.



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